





GOLDEN HOUR SERIES

RHYMES FOR
CHILDREN

BY

JANE AND ANN TAYLOR

Selected and arranged by

MELVIN HIX

Principal of Public School No. 31, Bayside, New York City

EDUCATIONAL PUBLISHING COMPANY

NEW YORK

BOSTON

CHICAGO

SAN FRANCISCO

PZ
3
T215
H

LIBRARY of CONGRESS
Two Copies Received
MAY 23 1907
Copyright Entry
May 15, 1907
CLASS A XXc., No.
176824
COPY B.

COPYRIGHTED
By EDUCATIONAL PUBLISHING COMPANY
1907

©
©
©
©
©
©
©

CONTENTS

The Wish	23
The Star	24
A Fine Thing	25
A Pretty Thing	26
The Cow	27
The Violet	27
The Poppy	28
The Snowdrop	29
The Field Daisy	30
The Snowdrop	31
The Oak	32
The Yellow Leaf	32
The Spring Nosegay	34
The Summer Nosegay	35
The Autumn Nosegay	36
The Winter Nosegay	37
The Meadows	38
To George Pulling Buds	39
The Two Gardens	39
The Apple Tree	41
The Baby's Dance	43
Learning to Go Alone	43
The Baby	44
The Kind Mamma	45
Baby and Mamma	47
The Little Child	47
The Little Baby	49
Romping	50
About Learning to Read	52
The Little Girl that could not Read	52
Reading	53
Learning to Draw	54

Working	55
The Work-bag	56
Washing and Dressing	57
Come and Play in the Garden	58
The Little Girl to Her Dolly	59
For a Little Girl that did not Like to be Washed	60
My Mother	61
Morning	63
The Flower and the Lady, About Getting Up	64
Getting Up	65
Breakfast and Puss	67
Good Night	68
Going to Bed	69
Going to Bed at Night	70
Rising in the Morning	70
Time to Get Up	71
Time to Go to Bed	72
Evening	73
Spring	74
The Leafy Spring	76
Summer	77
Autumn	80
Winter	82
December Night	84
Snow	85
Questions and Answers	87
The Little Ants	88
The Ant's Nest	89
The Selfish Snail	90
The Wasp and the Bee	91
The Butterfly	92
To a Butterfly on Giving It Liberty	93
Birds, Beasts, and Fishes	94
Charles and Animals	97
Honest Old Tray	98
The Quarrelsome Dogs	100
No Breakfast for Growler	101
Poor Puss	102
The Frolicsome Kitten	103

The Dunce of a Kitten	104
The Fox and the Crow	105
Good Dobbin	107
The Sheep	109
The Pigs	110
Of What are Your Clothes Made?	111
The Redbreast's Petition	112
The Fighting Birds	113
The Bird's Nest	114
The Sparrows	117
The Little Lark	118
The Robin	120
The Little Bird's Complaint to Its Mistress	121
The Mistress's Reply to Her Little Bird	123
Little Birds and Cruel Boys	125
The Good-natured Girls	127
The Way to be Happy	128
Which is the Best Way to be Happy?	129
Sulking	130
Little Girls must not Fret	131
Employment	132
Sleepy Harry	133
The English Girl	134
The Village Green	135
The Gleaner	137
For a Naughty Little Girl	138
The Industrious Boy	139
The Idle Boy	141
Dutiful Jem	142
The Undutiful Boy	144
The Little Fish that would not do as It was Bid	145
The Tumble	147
The Cut	148
The Little Coward	149
The Child's Monitor	150
Second Thoughts are Best	151
False Alarms	152
Ball	154
The Shepherd Boy	155

Dirty Jim	157
Tit for Tat	159
Mischief	161
The Little Cripple's Complaint	163
The Old Beggar Man	165
The Little Beggar Girl	166
Poor Children	167
Idle Mary	168
The Holidays	169
The Hand-post	171
What Came of Firing a Gun	173
Playing with Fire	174
The Little Girl Who was Naughty, and Who was Afterwards Very Sorry for It	176
The Little Boy Who Made Himself Ill	177
Negligent Mary	179
About the Little Girl that Beat Her Sister	180
The Pin	181
To a Little Girl that Told a Lie	183

INTRODUCTION

The greatest task which confronts the little child is the mastering of the mother tongue in its three phases — speech, reading, and writing. In the accomplishment of this task, nothing is so helpful as the hearing and reading of large quantities of suitable poetry. This fact was well known to the people of antiquity. Before the age of writing, the laws and traditions of each tribe were handed down through the medium of verse. Verse was chosen rather than prose, because its form facilitated memorizing and furnished a guarantee of accuracy. When the law or tradition had been once thrown into the poetic form it was difficult to change its meaning without destroying its form and this would at once furnish a test of correctness.

It was in this manner that all the nations of antiquity trained the minds of their young and transmitted to posterity the memory of the deeds done by their heroes, and those laws and rules of conduct which experience had found it necessary to impart to the youthful members of the community. Thus it was that the Greeks preserved to posterity the poems of Homer and the laws of their legislators.

After the invention of writing, the necessity for poetry as a medium for the preservation of fact and tradition, passed away. For purposes of mere utility, prose took its place; yet the poetic form did not fall into disuse. It

was found that poetry contained in itself a cultural value which could not be gained from prose. For many generations the Greek school boy learned by heart the poems of Homer or of Hesiod.

In more recent times poetry has come to be comparatively neglected. Two or three generations ago there were many persons, some so-called educators, who entirely rejected or neglected poetry as a means of educating the young. This may have been owing in part to the fact that there was not in English literature any considerable body of poetry suitable for the use of very young children. Even in our day poetry of this class, printed in a form suitable for the home and the school, has not been generally available at a moderate price. It is to remedy this condition in part that this series of books is now offered to the public.

At the present day poetry, as an educational force, is recovering its ancient place in the schools. There are, probably, few or no educators of any standing or reputation whatever, who deny its importance, and were these books intended solely for the use of schools, nothing more need be said. Since, however, it is hoped that they may find a place in many homes, it seems fitting to explain more fully the importance of poetry in the education of the young.

Children should read poetry because they like it. Something within the child responds immediately to the rhythmic beat of the verse. So potent is this instinct, that children put rhythm into sounds which have it not. The tick of a clock is as evenly monotonous as mechanism can make it. Yet to the child it is not $\overline{\text{tick}}$, $\overline{\text{tick}}$, $\overline{\text{tick}}$, $\overline{\text{tick}}$, but tick, tock'; tick, tock'; with a strong ictus upon the

second syllable. This feeling for rhythm seems to be a physical, as well as mental, instinct, originating, probably, in the rhythmical beating of the heart. Thus the very physical life of the child is based upon rhythm. Quite naturally therefore, he responds most readily to the rhythmical forms of language. The length of the line of verse is also determined by the physical nature of man. A line of poetry is merely a certain number of syllables which can be pronounced comfortably between one breath and another. In most persons this number is eight or ten, and for this reason verse forms which exceed ten, or, at most, twelve syllables to the line have never been and never can become popular. To the child, of course, who breathes more rapidly than the adult, the shorter forms of verse are most suitable.

Rhyme, also — a kind of rhythm which comes at longer intervals and marks the end of the line — furnishes a keen pleasure to the child. The gratification furnished by rhythm and rhyme is quite independent of the sense of the words read. It is for this reason that the very baby who knows scarce half a dozen words, is soothed and amused by "Nonsense Verses" and Mother Goose Rhymes. To the potency of such, the experience of every mother will furnish ample testimony.

It is a mistake to suppose that young children should not learn poetry which they cannot fully understand. Every child, not hopelessly dull, when he begins to attain a mastery of the mother tongue, delights in using words often entirely without meaning to him. He prattles on all day, repeating the words and sounds which he has learned, in an endless variety of combinations. This apparently aimless exercise of the linguistic organs, is

Mother Nature's method of training the child to the utterance of intelligible vocal sounds. For this reason, even nonsense rhymes and jingles give the child pleasure, and at the same time develop his power over the linguistic organs.

To some matter-of-fact adults the child's intense love for rhymes and jingles may seem silly and useless: something to be repressed rather than gratified and encouraged. To such persons it may be worth while to state that modern pedagogy has furnished an explanation of this childish love of verse; an explanation based upon the doctrine of evolution, which is now, in some form or other, accepted by all.

Biologists have found that before birth the human embryo passes through various stages similar to those by which earthly life has evolved. In the beginning it resembles the lowest forms of invertebra from which it ascends to the highest, or vertebrate, forms of animal life. After birth, the child's mental and physical characteristics resemble those of the quadrumana, and later those of the lower races of humanity. The biologists further tell us that each stage is necessary to the fullest development of the individual. In short, the child does, and should, recapitulate the various stages through which the race has been evolved. This theory is known as the "Culture Epoch Theory," and is generally accepted by modern educators.

Now the child, up to the age of twelve or fourteen, passes through, or recapitulates, the savage and barbarous stages of race-evolution. In those stages the race universally preferred verse to prose, and the child while passing through the same stage exhibits the same preference.

Children should read poetry also because it trains the ear and furnishes a guide to the pronunciation of many words. This is especially true of the more musical forms of verse. Such poetry, when well read, or recited, furnishes a valuable training of the sense for the beautiful in language, which is probably latent in the mind of every normal child. The training thus afforded is closely akin to that furnished by music, and is scarcely less valuable. Rhyme requiring an identity of sound at the ends of lines sometimes furnishes a valuable key to the pronunciation of words.

Children should read and memorize poetry for the purpose of training the memory and increasing their vocabulary. The use of poetry for these purposes has been approved of in all ages and by all schools of educators. Its value in the training of the verbal memory has been experienced by almost everyone. A poem once thoroughly learned, and afterwards almost forgotten, can be recalled far more easily and completely than could be done in the case of a prose selection of equal length. Besides, it is far more easily learned in the first place. The form of poetry, the measured beat of the rhythm, the regular length of the line, and the recurring harmony of the rhyme, all aid the memory in retaining the words. Thus, in the mind of the child who hears, reads, and learns much poetry, a large and varied stock of words will be accumulated. The importance of this enrichment of the vocabulary can scarcely be over-estimated. One who notices the talk of children will inevitably be astonished at the paucity of the words they are accustomed to use. The elementary school course brings the child into contact with several thousands of words; in their conversations the most of them employ but a few hundred.

Besides the mere hearing, reading, and learning poetry, there is another way in which young persons increase their stock of words and improve their command over them; that is, by writing rhymes and verses of their own. This practice is far more general than is sometimes supposed. As Hugh Miller says, "Almost every active intelligence during youth has a try at making verse." Conradi found that just fifty per cent of the cases he investigated had tried their hands at original poetry. Benjamin Franklin and many others have recorded their efforts in this direction, and their belief in the efficacy of the practice.

This practice of verse-making should always be commended and encouraged. The effort to find words to fit the rhythm and the rhyme will greatly broaden and enrich the child's stock of words. In this connection it is an interesting fact that almost every master of English prose has, at some time or other, served an apprenticeship as a verse-maker and recorded his belief that this practice is a valuable aid toward the mastering of a good prose style.

Children should read poetry because it furnishes the mind with a store of valuable ideas. The importance of this enrichment of the child's mental content cannot be over-rated. The child is bound to have something going on in his mind. Self-activity is an instinct of the mind as well as of the body, but self-activity demands something to work with. The mind cannot be active *in vacuo* any more than a baseball nine can play the game without the ball. It is the business of the parent and the teacher to put the child's mind into a condition to use good and elevating ideas rather than those which are evil and debasing. These good ideas can be furnished by the reading

of good poetry. While engaged in this the child will not learn to lie, to swear, to fight, to cheat, or to steal.

The importance of implanting good ideas in the child's mind is emphasized by the theory of the human mind held by the philosopher Hume and many others. According to this theory, ideas create the mind. Hume says: "The ideas are, themselves, the actors, the stage, the theatre, the spectators, and the play." Professor James, while not accepting this theory in its entirety, says: "No truth, however abstract, is ever perceived, that will not probably, at some time or other, influence our earthly actions. . . . Every sort of consciousness, be it sensation, feeling, or idea, tends directly to discharge itself into some motor effect." In other words our actions are dependent upon our stock of ideas. How important, then, that the ideas with which a child's mind is stocked shall be good, and poetry is the most effective vehicle for the conveyance of good ideas to the mind of the young child.

Children should read poetry because it stimulates and develops the imagination. The imaginative appeal of poetry is known and acknowledged by all. Indeed, it constitutes one of the essential elements of poetry. Now, children, whether we wish it or not, will exercise their imagination. It is, during childhood, the dominant mental faculty. "Of all people children are the most imaginative." The childish imagination, if left to itself, is quite as apt to run to the evil as to the good. Indeed, if we accept the doctrines of a certain school of theologians, it is far more apt to take the downward than the upward path. The only way to check and prevent this downward tendency is by furnishing the child's mind with a store of good ideas, as a basis for the imagination to work

upon. If we fill the mind with the good there will be no room for the evil, and in doing this, experience has shown that nothing is so effective as an abundance of good reading, especially the reading of poetry.

To emphasize the importance of this stimulation and training of the imagination let me add the following definitions:

"The imagination is the organ of the heart and opens up the way for reason." — *J. Stanley Hall*.

"The imagination is that power of the mind which combines and arranges, with more or less symmetry and proportion, that which primarily comes into the mind through the senses." — *Dr. Francis Parker*.

Children should read poetry because it stimulates the emotions and trains the will. The power of poetry over the emotions is due, in part, to its form. The same facts or ideas embodied in prose do not stimulate the emotions in the same manner or to an equal degree. For example, "Evangeline," in prose, would have quite another effect. Poetry in general does not perhaps excite the passions to the same degree of intensity as some works of fiction. The stimulation produced by good poetry is calmer and more even than that produced by the most vivid pieces of fiction. For this very reason poetry is better adapted to the training of the will and the character through the emotions, than the more exciting novels. For this reason, too, great care should be exercised in the choice of the prose fiction which a child is allowed to read. On the other hand, there is extant practically no English poetry suitable for children which can be, in the slightest degree, harmful; certainly none such is to be found in this series.

Now the will, that power which transmutes character into act, is governed mainly by the emotions. The heart is a far more powerful and a readier responding instrument than the head. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," and "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he."

Children should read and memorize poetry because it is the best means of developing the religious nature. On this point I cannot do better than to quote from a speech of Dr. Charles W. Eliot, president of Harvard University.* He says:

"Is there any universally applicable method through which we can insure in little children the unconscious reception of the leading ideas of the (Christian) faith? I believe there is, and I believe that this method should be used in all (Christian) families and all (Christian) churches. It is the method of committing poetry to memory. I heard Dr. Crothers quoting somebody last Sunday to the effect that religion is poetry; but somebody else amended that statement by saying that religion is poetry believed. The amendment is important. Can we put into the childish mind through poetry a religion it will believe? We may be perfectly certain that no child ever got any religion out of a catechism. It takes an adult with the tendency to metaphysics to get anything out of catechism. Will not a child unconsciously get religion out of poetry, if it be well selected? I have seen the experiment tried in a fair number of instances — not enough instances for a general conclusion, but in a fair number of instances — and never knew it to fail. In

(*Dr. Eliot speaks from the standpoint of a particular church, but what he says is universally applicable.)

order to give you an impression of the actual working of the method, I must enter into a few particulars. Take such a poem as Longfellow's 'Village Blacksmith,' a very simple poem of universal sentiments, and let the child, at an appropriate age, commit the whole of it to memory, so that it can recite it whenever asked for. Some of the most fundamental conceptions of religion, some of the most fundamental conceptions of the new science of sociology, will enter the child's mind with that poem. Of course, as in all poetry, a great deal of what we may call information, or suggested knowledge, is conveyed in even a single verse. Take the verse:

“ ‘He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

“ ‘It sounds to him like her mother's voice
Singing in Paradise.’

“Now the child eight or ten years old will take that all in, and will learn from it that the blacksmith had a daughter who could sing, and she sang sweetly in the village choir; and the blacksmith had had a wife whom he loved tenderly and she was dead, and she sang when with him, and now she was singing in a happy next world, in Paradise; and the blacksmith liked to go to church because he heard his daughter, who reminded him of her mother. All that is in that little verse; and it is a beautiful picture of some of the best parts of human experience.

“Take another poem, very well known to us all, but seldom used, it seems to me, for children: Leigh Hunt's 'Abou Ben Adhem' ('May his tribe increase')! There

is a poem that any child of ten years old will take in, and it presents a series of delightful pictures; and at the end comes a very compact statement of the whole (Christian) theory about character.

“Another invaluable poem for religious education is Bryant’s ‘Waterfowl.’ The whole (Christian) view of the Providence of God is presented to the child in that lovely poem — God is guiding the bird through the pathless air, and just as he guides the bird he will guide me. It is the simplest possible presentation to a child’s mind of the loving Fatherhood of God.”

The importance of what Dr. Eliot has said is emphasized by the fact that the use of the Bible is not permitted in our public schools. Teachers must therefore take advantage of every opportunity furnished by the literature read or otherwise to “point a moral.” Hitherto our schools have not been sufficiently supplied with literature well fitted to form a basis for moral instruction. This deficiency, it is hoped, these little books will help diminish.

The reading of poetry by the young not only nourishes the mind and develops the moral and religious nature, but it offers the most efficient means of creating a taste for good reading. The modern civilized man is bound to read something, and the field of literature is so broad that it offers material to satisfy the needs and tastes of every intelligence. But, unfortunately, the field of bad literature is equally extensive, and is apt to be preferred by those whose early literary training has been neglected. Unfortunately, too, a taste for good reading is generally formed early in life or not at all. Early, far too early, the harsh hand of stern necessity or the flattering caress of frivolous pleasure is laid upon youth to deflect it from the

laborious but profitable path which leads to true culture. Let parents and teachers, therefore, look to it that the feet of the young child are early set in the straight path which leads to the Elysian fields of good literature.

MELVIN HIX

THE AUTHORS

Of Ann and Jane Taylor, the principal authors of this volume, there is little to tell. Ann was born January 30, 1782, and died in 1866. Jane was born September 23, 1783, and died in 1824. Their family dwelt for some time at Ongar, England, and on that account are often spoken of as "the Taylors of Ongar." The two sisters were educated by their father who was a man of cultivated intellect and considerable literary ability. Mr. Taylor was an engraver and early instructed his daughters in that art, in which they attained considerable skill.

They began their literary labors at a very early age. It is said that as children they had the habit of composing little verses which they recited in concert while walking up and down in their father's garden. Before they were in their teens they began to compose poems of several stanzas which showed considerable poetic ability. (See page 23) In 1797 Ann made her first appearance in print with an election song. Jane's first printed poem, entitled, "The Beggar Boy," appeared in 1804. Both of these poems were printed in the *Minor's Pocket-Book*, a magazine for children.

These poems pleased the publishers of the *Minor's Pocket-Book* so much that they wrote to the sisters asking them to prepare a book of poems suitable for children.

Their letter shows both the religion of the publishers, and the character of the compositions which would be acceptable to them. It ran as follows:

LONDON, 1st. 6mo., 1803.

ISAAC TAYLOR

Respected Friend:

We have received some pieces of poetry from some branches of thy family for the *Minor's Pocket-Book*, and we beg that the enclosed trifles may be divided among such as are most likely to be pleased with them. My principal reason for writing now is to request that when any of their harps be tuned, and their muse in good humor, if they could give me some specimens of easy poetry for young children, I would endeavor to make a suitable return in cash, or in books. If something in the way of moral songs (though not songs), or short tales turned into verse, or — but I need not dictate. What would be most likely to please little minds must be well known to every one of those who have written such pieces as we have already seen from thy family. Such pieces as are short, for little children, would be preferred.

For self and partner, very respectfully,

DARTON AND HARVEY.

The two sisters at once went to work earnestly to meet the wishes of Messrs. Darton and Harvey. As a result of their efforts, the first volume of "Original Poems for Infant Minds," was published before the end of 1804, and during 1805 a second volume appeared. These two volumes, amounting to something like four hundred pages, contained poems by several other persons. Two of these were by their father, Isaac Taylor; two by Isaac Taylor, their brother; one by Bernard Barton, a Quaker poet; and thirty-four by a young lady named Adelaide O'Keeffe,

a friend of the Taylor sisters. Some of these are contained in this volume. Although by so many different hands, they are pretty uniform in spirit and style.

Written by English people for English children, the "Original Poems" were, naturally, intensely English, so much so, indeed, as to render some of them of little value to American children. These, with others which have seemed to the editor of inferior quality, have been omitted from this volume. The result is a book of moderate size and price which contains, it is believed, practically all the poems by Ann and Jane Taylor and their friends that are of value to American children.

Of the rank and value of the "Original Poems," there can scarcely be two opinions. Endurance is the final test of literary merit and they have endured. Many of them, as, "The Star," "The Cow," "The Violet," "My Mother," etc., have become standard classics. They were written for children, and he who would rightly estimate them, must become as a little child. By him who so judges, their high rank and value will be unquestioned. Their simplicity of subject and style, their trueness to child-life, naturally appeal to those for whom they were written. Always moral, but never mawkish, they set before the young reader clearly drawn models and point out lines of conduct to be imitated or avoided. No child can fail to be morally benefited by the reading of the "Original Poems" contained in this book.

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION, 1804

If a hearty affection for that interesting little race, the race of children, is any recommendation, the writers of the following pages are well recommended; and if to have studied, in some degree, their capacities, habits, and wants, with a wish to adapt these simple verses to their real comprehension and probable improvement — if this has any further claim to the indulgence of the public, it is the last and greatest they attempt to make. The deficiency of the compositions as poetry is by no means a secret to their authors; but it was thought desirable to abridge every poetic freedom and figure, and to dismiss even such words as, by being less familiar, might give, perhaps, a false idea to their little readers, or at least make a chasm in the chain of conception. Images, which to us are so familiar that we forget their imagery, may be insurmountable stumbling-blocks to children, who have but few literal ideas: and though it may be allowable to introduce a simple kind, which a little maternal attention will easily explain, and which may tend to excite a taste for natural and poetic beauty, everything superfluous it has been a primary endeavor to avoid.

To those parents into whose hands this little volume may chance to fall, it is respectfully inscribed, and very affectionately to that interesting little race — the race of children.

RHYMES FOR CHILDREN

THE WISH

Ah, dear papa! did you but know
The trouble of your Jane,
I'm sure you would relieve me now,
And ease me of my pain.

Although your garden is but small,
And more indeed you crave,—
There's one small bit, not used at all,
And this I wish to have.

A pretty garden I would make,
That you would like, I know;
Then pray, papa, for pity's sake,
This bit of ground bestow.

For whether now I plant or sow,
The chickens eat it all;
I'd fain my sorrows let you know,
But for the tears that fall.

—*Jane* (age ten)

THE STAR

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are!
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

When the blazing sun is gone,
When he nothing shines upon,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

Then the traveler in the dark,
Thanks you for your tiny spark!
He could not see which way to go,
If you did not twinkle so.

In the dark blue sky you keep,
And often through my curtains peep,
For you never shut your eye
Till the sun is in the sky.

As your bright and tiny spark
Lights the traveler in the dark,
Though I know not what you are,
Twinkle, twinkle, little star.

A FINE THING

Who am I with noble face,
Shining in a clear blue place?
If to look at me you try,
I shall blind your little eye.

When my noble face I shew,
Over yonder mountain blue,
All the clouds away do ride,
And the dusky night beside.

Then the clear wet dewes I dry,
With the look of my bright eye;
And the little birds awake,
Many a merry tune to make.

Cowslips, then, and hare-bells blue,
And lily-cups their leaves undo,
For they shut themselves up tight,
All the dark and foggy night.

Then the busy people go,
Some to plough, and some to sow;
When I leave, their work is done;
Guess, if I am not the Sun.

A PRETTY THING

Who am I that shine so bright,
With my pretty yellow light,
Peeping through your curtains gray?
Tell me, little girl, I pray.

When the sun is gone, I rise,
In the very silent skies;
And a cloud or two doth skim
Round about my silver rim.

All the little stars do seem
Hidden by my brighter beam;
And among them I do ride,
Like a queen in all her pride.

Then the reaper goes along,
Singing forth a merry song,
While I light the shaking leaves,
And the yellow harvest sheaves.

Little girl, consider well,
Who this simple tale doth tell;
And I think you'll guess it soon,
For I only am the Moon.

THE COW

Thank you, pretty cow, that made
Pleasant milk to soak my bread,
Every day, and every night,
Warm, and fresh, and sweet, and white.

Do not chew the hemlock rank,
Growing on the weedy bank;
But the yellow cowslips eat,
They will make it very sweet.

Where the purple violet grows,
Where the bubbling water flows,
Where the grass is fresh and fine,
Pretty cow, go there and dine.

THE VIOLET

Down in a green and shady bed,
A modest violet grew,
Its stalk was bent, it hung its head,
As if to hide from view.

And yet it was a lovely flower,
Its color bright and fair;
It might have graced a rosy bower,
Instead of hiding there.

Yet thus it was content to bloom,
In modest tints arrayed;
And there diffused a sweet perfume,
Within the silent shade.

Then let me to the valley go
This pretty flower to see;
That I may also learn to grow
In sweet humility.

— *Jane*

THE POPPY

High on a bright and sunny bed
A scarlet poppy grew,
And up it held its staring head,
And thrust it full in view.

Yet no attention did it win,
By all these efforts made,

And less unwelcome had it been
In some retired shade.

Although within its scarlet breast
No sweet perfume was found,
It seemed to think itself the best
Of all the flowers around.

From this may I a hint obtain,
And take great care indeed,
Lest I appear as pert and vain
As does this gaudy weed.

— *Jane*

THE SNOWDROP

Now the spring is coming on,
Now the snow and ice are gone,
Come, my little snowdrop root,
Will you not begin to shoot?

Ah! I see your pretty head
Peeping on the flower-bed,
Looking all so green and gay
On this fine and pleasant day.

For the mild south wind doth blow,
And hath melted all the snow,
And the sun shines out so warm,
You need not fear another storm.

So your pretty flower show,
And your petals white undo,
Then you'll hang your modest head
Down upon my flower bed.

THE FIELD DAISY

I'm a pretty little thing,
Always coming with the spring;
In the meadows green I'm found,
Peeping just above the ground,
And my stalk is covered flat,
With a white and yellow hat.

Little Mary, when you pass
Lightly o'er the tender grass,
Skip about, but do not tread
On my bright but lowly head,
For I always seem to say,
"Surly winter's gone away."

THE SNOWDROP

I saw a snowdrop on the bed,
 Green taper leaves among:
 White as the driven snow, its head
 On the slim stalk was hung.

The wintry wind came sweeping o'er,
 A bitter tempest blew:
 The snowdrop faded — never more
 To glitter with the dew.

I saw a smiling infant laid
 In its fond mother's arms;
 Around its rosy cheeks there played
 A thousand dimpling charms.

A bitter pain was sent to take
 The smiling babe away;
 How did its little bosom shake,
 As in a fit it lay!

Its beating heart was quickly stopped,
 And in the earth so cold,
 I saw the little coffin dropped,
 And covered up with mould.

But Jesus Christ is full of love
To babies when they die,
And takes their happy souls above
To be with Him on high.

— *Ann*

THE OAK

The oak, for grandeur, strength, and noble size,
Excels all trees that in the forest grow;
From acorn small that trunk, those branches rise,
To which such signal benefits we owe.

Behold what shelter in its ample shade,
From noon-tide sun, or from the drenching rain!
And of its timber stanch vast ships are made,
To bear rich cargoes o'er the watery main.

— *Adelaide O'Keefe*

THE YELLOW LEAF

I saw a leaf come tilting down
From a bare withered bough;
The leaf was dead, the branch was brown,
No fruit was left it now.

But much the rattling tempest blew,
 The naked boughs among;
 And here and there came whirling through
 A leaf that loosely hung.

The leaf, they tell me, once was green,
 Washed by the showers soft:
 High on the topmost bough 'twas seen,
 And flourished up aloft.

I saw an old man totter slow,
 Wrinkled, and weak, and gray;
 He'd hardly strength enough to go
 Ever so short a way.

His ear was deaf, his eye was dim,
 He leaned on crutches high;
 But while I stay'd to pity him
 I saw him gasp and die.

This poor old man was once as gay
 As rosy health could be;
 And death the youngest head will lay,
 Ere long, as low as he.

— *Ann*

THE SPRING NOSEGAY

Come, my love, 'tis pleasant spring,
Let us make a posy gay,
Every pretty flower we'll bring,
Which we'll gather while we may.
Here's Hepatica so blue,
Holding little drops of dew!

There's the Snow-drop, hanging low,
On its green and narrow stalk;
And the Crocuses that blow
Up and down the garden-walk;
Will the Polyanthus say,
These must all be ours to-day!

After that the Primrose fair,
Looking sweetly pale and dim;
And we'll search the meadows, where
Cowslips show their yellow rim;
Then along the hedge we'll go,
Where the early Violets blow;
All these pretty flowers we'll bring,
To make our posy for the spring!

THE SUMMER NOSEGAY

Now the yellow Cowslips fade,
 All along the woody walk;
 And the Primrose hangs her head
 Faintly, on her tiny stalk;
 Let us to the garden go,
 Where the flowers of summer grow.

Come, and make a nosegay there,
 Plucking every flower that blows:
 Briar sweet, and Lily fair,
 That along the valley grows;
 With a Honeysuckle red,
 Round a shady arbor led.

Then a budding Rose or two,
 Half in mossy leaves enrolled,
 With the Larkspur, red and blue,
 Streaky Pink, and Marigold:
 These shall make our posy gay,
 For the cheerful summer day.

THE AUTUMN NOSEGAY

Now the fog has risen high,
Through the chilly morning air;
And the blue and cheerful sky
Peeps upon us, here and there;
Once again we'll gather, sweet,
Every pretty flower we meet.

Ah! the yellow leaves are now
Over all the garden spread,
Showered down from every bough
On the lonely flower-bed;
Where the autumn Daisy blue
Opens, wet with chilly dew.

Lavender, of darksome green,
Shows its purple blossoms near;
And the Goldenrod is seen,
Shooting up its yellow spear;
These are all that we can find,
In our posy gay to bind.

THE WINTER NOSEGAY

Now the winds of winter blow
 Fiercely through the chilly air;
 Now the fields are white with snow,
 Can we find a posy there?
 No, there cannot, all around,
 A single blade of grass be found.

Nothing but the Holly bright,
 Spotted with its berries gay;
 Lauristinus, red and white;
 Or the Ivy's crooked spray;
 With a Sloe of darksome blue,
 Where the ragged Blackthorn grew.

Or the Hip of shining red,
 Where the wild Rose used to blow,
 Peeping out its scarlet head,
 From beneath a cap of snow.
 These are all that dare to stay,
 Through the cutting winter's day.

THE MEADOWS

We'll all go to the meadows, where cowslips do
grow,

And buttercups, looking as yellow as gold;
And daisies and violets beginning to blow;
For it is a most beautiful sight to behold.

The little bee humming about them is seen,
The butterfly merrily dances along;
The grasshopper chirps in the hedges so green,
And the linnet is singing his liveliest song.

The birds and the insects are happy and gay,
The beasts of the field they are glad and re-
joice,
And we will be thankful to God every day,
And praise His great name in a loftier voice.

He made the green meadows, He planted the
flowers,
He sent His bright sun in the heavens to blaze;
He created these wonderful bodies of ours,
And as long as we live we will sing of His
praise.

TO GEORGE PULLING BUDS

Don't pull that bud, it yet may grow
 As fine a flower as this;
 Had this been pulled a month ago,
 We should its beauties miss.
 You are yourself a bud, my blooming boy,
 Weigh well the consequence, ere you destroy,
 Lest for a present paltry sport, you kill a future
 joy.

— *Adelaide O'Keeffe*

THE TWO GARDENS

When Harry and Dick had been striving to
 please,
 Their father (to whom it was known)
 Made two little gardens, and stocked them with
 trees,
 And gave one to each for his own.

Harry thanked his papa, and with rake, hoe, and
 spade,
 Directly began his employ:
 And soon such a neat little garden was made,
 That he panted with labor and joy.

There was always some bed or some border to
mend,
Or something to tie or to stick;
And Harry rose early his garden to tend,
While sleeping lay indolent Dick.

The tulip, the rose, and the lily so white,
United their beautiful bloom;
And often the honey-bee stooped from his flight
To sip the delicious perfume.

A neat row of peas in full blossom was seen,
French beans were beginning to shoot;
And his gooseberries and currants, though yet
they were green,
Foretold for him plenty of fruit.

But Richard loved better in bed to repose,
And there, as he curled himself round,
Forgot that no tulip, nor lily, nor rose,
Nor fruit in his garden was found.

Rank weeds and tall nettles disfigured his beds,
Nor cabbage nor lettuce was seen;

The slug and the snail showed their mischievous
heads,
And ate every leaf that was green.

Thus Richard the Idle, who shrank from the cold,
Beheld his trees naked and bare:
While Harry the Active was charmed to behold
The fruit of his patience and care.

— *Ann*

THE APPLE-TREE

Old John had an apple-tree, healthy and green,
Which bore the best codlins that ever were seen,
So juicy, so mellow, and red;
And when they were ripe, he disposed of his
store,
To children or any who passed by his door,
To buy him a morsel of bread.

Little Dick, his next neighbor, one often might
see,
With longing eye viewing this fine apple-tree,
And wishing a codlin might fall:
One day as he stood in the heat of the sun,

He began thinking whether he might not take one,
And then he looked over the wall.

And as he again cast his eye on the tree,
He said to himself, "Oh, how nice they would be,
So cool and refreshing to-day!
The tree is so full; and one only I'll take,
And John cannot see if I give it a shake,
And nobody is in the way."

But stop, little boy, take your hand from the bough,
Remember, though John cannot see you just now,
And no one to chide you is nigh,
There is One, who by night, just as well as by day,
Can see all you do, and can hear all you say,
From His glorious throne in the sky.

O then, little boy, come away from the tree,
Lest tempted to this wicked act you should be:
'Twere better to starve than to steal;
For the great God, who even through darkness
can look,
Writes down every crime we commit, in His book;
Nor forgets what we try to conceal.

—*Jane*

THE BABY'S DANCE

Dance, little baby, dance up high:
 Never mind, baby, mother is by;
 Crow and caper, caper and crow,
 There, little baby, there you go;
 Up to the ceiling, down to the ground,
 Backwards and forwards, round and round:
 Then dance, little baby, and mother shall sing,
 While the gay merry coral goes ding, ding-a-ding,
 ding.

LEARNING TO GO ALONE

Come, my darling, come away,
 Take a pretty walk to-day;
 Run along, and never fear,
 I'll take care of baby dear:
 Up and down with little feet,
 That's the way to walk, my sweet.
 Now it is so very near,
 Soon she'll get to mother dear.
 There she comes along at last:
 Here's my finger, hold it fast:
 Now one pretty little kiss,
 After such a walk as this.

THE BABY

Safe, sleeping on its mother's breast,
The smiling babe appears;
Now, sweetly sinking into rest,
Now, washed in sudden tears.
Hush, hush, my little baby dear,
There's nobody to hurt you here.

Without a mother's tender care,
The little thing must die;
Its chubby hands so soft and fair
No service can supply;
And not a tittle can it tell
Of all the things we know so well.

The lamb sports gaily on the grass
When scarcely born a day;
The foal beside its mother ass
Trots frolicsome away;
And not a creature, tame or wild,
Is half so helpless as a child.

To nurse the dolly gaily drest,
And stroke its flaxen hair,
Or ring the coral at its waist,

With silver bells so fair,
Is all the little creature can,
That is some day to be a man.

Full many a summer's sun must glow,
And lighten up the skies,
Before its tender limbs can grow
To anything of size;
And all that time the mother's eye
Must every little want supply.

Then surely, when each little limb
Shall grow to healthy size,
And youth and manhood strengthen him
For toil and enterprise,
His mother's kindness is a debt
He never, never will forget.

— *Ann*

THE KIND MAMMA

Come, dear, and sit upon my knee,
And give me kisses, one, two, three,
And tell me whether you love me,
My baby.

For this I'm sure, that I love you,
And many, many things I do,
And all day long I sit and sew,
For baby.

And then at night I lie awake,
Thinking of things that I can make,
And trouble that I mean to take
For baby.

And when you're good and do not cry,
Nor into naughty passions fly,
You can't think how papa and I
Love baby.

But if my little child should grow,
To be a naughty child, you know
'Twould grieve mamma to see her so,
My baby.

And when you saw me pale and thin,
By grieving for my baby's sin,
I think you'd wish that you had been
A better baby.

BABY AND MAMMA

What a little thing am I!
 Hardly higher than the table:
 I can eat, and play, and cry,
 But to work I am not able.

Nothing in the world I know,
 But mamma will try and show me:
 Sweet mamma, I love her so,
 She's so very kind unto me.

And she sets me on her knee,
 Very often, for some kisses:
 Oh! how good I'll try to be,
 For such a dear mamma as this is.

THE LITTLE CHILD

I'm a very little child,
 Only just have learned to speak;
 So I should be very mild,
 Very tractable and meek.

If my dear mamma were gone,
I should perish soon, and die,
When she left me all alone,
Such a little thing as I!

Oh, what service can I do,
To repay her for her care?
For I cannot even sew,
Nor make anything I wear.

Oh, then, I will always try
To be very good and mild;
Never now be cross or cry,
Like a fretful little child.

For sometimes I cry and fret,
And my dear mamma I tease;
Or I vex her, while I sit
Playing pretty on her knees.

Oh, how can I serve her so,
Such a good mamma as this!
Round her neck my arms I'll throw,
And her gentle cheeks I'll kiss.

Then I'll tell her, that I will
 Try not any more to fret her,
 And as I grow older still,
 Try to show I love her better.

THE LITTLE BABY

What is this pretty little thing,
 That nurse so carefully doth bring,
 And round its head her apron fling?
 A baby!

Oh! dear, how very soft its cheek;
 Why, nurse, I cannot make it speak,
 And it can't walk, it is so weak,
 Poor baby.

Here, take a bit, you little dear,
 I've got some cake and sweetmeats here:
 'Tis very nice, you need not fear,
 You baby.

Oh! I'm afraid that it will die,
Why can't it eat as well as I,
And jump and talk? Do let it try,
Poor baby.

Why, you were once a baby too,
But could not jump as now you do,
But good mamma took care of you,
Like baby.

And then she taught your pretty feet
To pat along the carpet neat,
And called papa to come and meet
His baby.

Oh! dear mamma, to take such care,
And no kind pains and trouble spare,
'To feed and nurse you, when you were
A baby.

ROMPING

Why now, my dear boys, this is always the way,
You can't be contented with innocent play;
But this sort of romping, so noisy and high,
Is never left off till it ends in a cry.

What! are there no games you can take a de-
light in,
But kicking, and knocking, and tearing, and
fighting?

It is a sad thing to be forced to conclude
That boys can't be merry, without being rude.

Now what is the reason you never can play,
Without snatching each other's playthings
away?

It can be no hardship to let them alone,
When each of you has such nice toys of his own.

I often have told you before, my dear boys,
That I do not object to your making a noise;
Or running and jumping about, any how,
But fighting and mischief I cannot allow.

So, if any more of these quarrels are heard,
I tell you this once, and I'll keep to my word,
I'll take every marble, and spin-top, and ball,
And not let you play with each other at all.

ABOUT LEARNING TO READ

Here's a pretty, gay book, full of verses to sing,
But Lucy can't read it; oh! what a sad thing!
And such funny stories—and pictures too—look:
I am glad I can read such a beautiful book.

But come, little Lucy, now what do you say,
Shall I begin teaching you pretty great A?
And then all the letters that stand in a row,
That you may be able to read it, you know?

A great many children have no kind mamma,
To teach them to read, and poor children they
are!

But Lucy shall learn all her letters to tell,
And I hope by and by she will read very well.

THE LITTLE GIRL THAT COULD
NOT READ

I don't know my letters, and what shall I do?
For I've got a nice book, but I can't read it
through!
Oh dear, how I wish that my letters I knew!

I think I had better begin them to-day,
'Tis so like a dunce to be always at play:
Mamma, if you please, will you teach me
great A?

And then B and C, as they stand in the row,
One after another, as far as they go,
For then I can read my new story, you know.

So pray, mamma, teach me at once, and you'll
see

What a good — very good little child I shall be,
To try and remember my A, B, C, D.

READING

“And so you do not like to spell,
Mary, my dear; oh, very well:
'Tis dull and troublesome, you say;
And you would rather be at play.

“Then I shall go at once, and look
For Mary's pretty story-book,
The poems, and the hymns to say;
Yes, I must take them all away.

“Nay, do not fret, ’twere strange indeed
To like your books, and not to read!
And if you do not wish to spell,
To have no books will be as well.”

Poor Mary sighed with grief and shame,
And soon a tear of sorrow came!
She promised now, with humble looks,
To learn to read her pretty books.

— *Jane*

LEARNING TO DRAW

Come, here are a slate, and a pencil, and string,
So let us sit down and draw some pretty thing;
A man, and a cow, and a horse, and a tree,
And when you have finished, pray show them
to me.

What! cannot you do it? Shall I show you
how?

Come, give me your pencil, I'll draw you a cow.
You've made the poor creature look very forlorn!
She has but three legs, dear, and only one horn.

Now see, I have drawn you a beautiful cow;
And here is a dicky-bird, perched on a bough,
And here are some more flying down from
above:

There now, is not that very pretty, my love?

O yes, very pretty! now make me some more,
A house with a gate, and a window, and door,
And a little boy flying his kite with a string,
For you know, dear mamma, you can draw any
thing.

WORKING

Well, now I'll sit down, and I'll work very
fast,

And try if I can't be a good girl at last:
'Tis better than being so sulky and haughty,
I'm really quite tired of being so naughty.

For, as mamma says, when my business is done,
There's plenty of time left to play and to run;
But when 'tis my work-time I ought to sit still,
And I know that I ought, so I certainly will.

But for fear, after all, I should get at my play,
I will put my wax-doll in the closet away;
And I'll not look to see what the kitten is doing,
Nor yet think of any thing else but my sewing.

I'm sorry I've idled so often before,
But I hope I shall never do so any more:
Mamma will be pleased when she sees how I
mend,
And have done this long seam from beginning to
end!

THE WORK-BAG

Come here, I've got a piece of rag,
To make you quite a pretty bag;
Indeed you will not often see
As nice a bag as this shall be.

And when it's done, I'll show you, too,
The other things I have for you;
This book's to put your needles in,
And that you know's a pincushion.

And then, you need not lose a minute,
But if you always keep them in it,
You never more will need to say,
“Where ever are my things to-day?”

“Pray, somebody, do try and look,
To find my pin and needle-book:”
But then the pleasant sound shall be; —
“They’re in my work-bag, I shall see!”

WASHING AND DRESSING

Ah! why will my dear little girl be so cross,
And cry, and look sulky, and pout?
To lose her sweet smile is a terrible loss,
I can’t even kiss her without.

You say you don’t like to be washed and be
drest,
But would you not wish to be clean?
Come, drive that long sob from your dear little
breast,
This face is not fit to be seen.

If the water is cold, and the brush hurts your
head,

And the soap has got into your eye,
Will the water grow warmer for all that you've
said?

And what good will it do you to cry?

It is not to tease you and hurt you, my sweet,
But only for kindness and care,
That I wash you, and dress you, and make you
look neat,

And comb out your tanglesome hair.

I don't mind the trouble, if you would not cry,
And pay me for all with a kiss;
That's right — take the towel and wipe your wet
eye,

I thought you'd be good after this.

— *Ann*

COME AND PLAY IN THE GARDEN

Little sister, come away,
And let us in the garden play,
For it is a pleasant day.

On the grass-plot let us sit,
Or, if you please, we'll play a bit,
And run about all over it.

But the fruit we will not pick,
For that would be a naughty trick,
And very likely make us sick.

Nor will we pluck the pretty flowers
That grow about the beds and bowers,
Because you know they are not ours.

We'll take the daisies, white and red,
Because mamma has often said,
That we may gather them instead.

And much I hope we always may
Our very dear mamma obey,
And mind whatever she may say.

THE LITTLE GIRL TO HER DOLLY

There, go to sleep, Dolly, in own mother's lap;
I've put on your night-gown and neat little cap;
So sleep, pretty baby, and shut up your eye,
Bye bye, little Dolly, lie still and bye bye.

I'll lay my clean handkerchief over your head,
And then make believe that my lap is your bed;
So hush, little dear, and be sure you don't cry:
Bye bye, little Dolly, lie still, and bye bye.

There, now it is morning, and time to get up,
And I'll crumb you a mess in my own china cup;
So wake, little baby, and open your eye,
For I think it's high time to have done with bye
bye.

FOR A LITTLE GIRL THAT DID NOT LIKE TO BE WASHED

What! cry when I wash you, not love to be clean!
Then go and be dirty, not fit to be seen:
And till you leave off, and I see you have smiled,
I can't take the trouble to wash such a child.

Suppose I should leave you now just as you are,
Do you think you'd deserve a sweet kiss from
papa,
Or to sit on his knee and learn pretty great A,
With fingers that have not been washed all the
day?

Ay, look at your fingers, you see it is so:
 Did you ever behold such a black little row?
 And for once you may look at yourself in the
 glass;
 There's a face to belong to a good little lass!
 Come, come then, I see you're beginning to clear,
 You won't be so foolish again, will you, dear?

MY MOTHER

Who fed me from her gentle breast,
 And hushed me in her arms to rest,
 And on my cheek sweet kisses prest?
 My Mother.

When sleep forsook my open eye,
 Who was it sung sweet hushaby,
 And rocked me that I should not cry?
 My Mother.

Who sat and watched my infant head,
 When sleeping on my cradle bed?
 And tears of sweet affection shed?
 My Mother.

When pain and sickness made me cry,
Who gazed upon my heavy eye,
And wept for fear that I should die?
My Mother.

Who dressed my doll in clothes so gay,
And taught me pretty how to play,
And minded all I had to say?
My Mother.

Who ran to help me when I fell,
And would some pretty story tell,
Or kiss the place to make it well?
My Mother.

Who taught my infant lips to pray,
And love God's holy book and day,
And walk in wisdom's pleasant way?
My Mother.

And can I ever cease to be
Affectionate and kind to thee,
Who was so very kind to me,
My Mother?

Ah! no, the thought I cannot bear,
 And if God please my life to spare,
 I hope I shall reward thy care,
 My Mother.

When thou art feeble, old, and gray,
 My healthy arm shall be thy stay,
 And I will soothe thy pains away,
 My Mother.

And when I see thee hang thy head,
 'Twill be my turn to watch *thy* bed,
 And tears of sweet affection shed,
 My Mother.

— *Ann*

MORNING

Awake, little girl, it is time to arise,
 Come, shake drowsy sleep from your eye;
 The lark is now warbling his notes to the skies,
 And the sun is far mounted on high.

O come, for the fields with gay flowers abound,
 The dewdrop is quivering still,

The lowing herds graze in the pastures around,
And the sheep-bell is heard from the hill.

O come, for the bee has flown out of his bed,
Impatient his work to renew;
The spider is weaving her delicate thread,
Which brilliantly glitters with dew.

O come, for the ant has crept out of her cell,
And forth to her labor she goes;
She knows the true value of moments too well,
To waste them in idle repose.

Awake, little sleeper, and do not despise
Of insects instruction to ask;
From your pillow with good resolutions arise,
And cheerfully go to your task.

— *Jane*

THE FLOWER AND THE LADY, ABOUT GETTING UP

Pretty flower, tell me why
All your leaves do open wide,
Every morning, when on high
The noble sun begins to ride.

This is why, my lady fair,
 If you would the reason know,
 For betimes the pleasant air
 Very cheerfully doth blow.

And the birds on every tree,
 Sing a merry, merry tune,
 And the busy honey-bee
 Comes to suck my sugar soon.

This is, then, the reason why
 I my little leaves undo:
 Little lady, wake and try
 If I have not told you true.

GETTING UP

Now, my baby, ope your eye,
 For the sun is in the sky,
 And he's peeping once again
 Through the frosty window-pane:
 Little baby, do not keep
 Any longer fast asleep.

There now, sit in mother's lap,
That she may untie your cap;
For the little strings have got
Twisted into such a knot:
Ah! for shame, you've been at play
With the bobbin, as you lay.

There it comes, now let us see
Where your petticoats can be:
Oh! they're in the window-seat,
Folded very smooth and neat:
When my baby older grows,
She shall double up her clothes.

Now one pretty little kiss,
For dressing you so nice as this;
And before we go down stairs,
Don't forget to say your prayers;
For 'tis God who loves to keep
Little babies while they sleep.

BREAKFAST AND PUSS

Here's my baby's bread and milk,
 For her lips as soft as silk;
 Here's the basin clean and neat,
 Here's the spoon of silver sweet,
 Here's the stool, and here's the chair,
 For my little lady fair.

No, you must not spill it out,
 And drop the bread and milk about;
 But let it stand before you flat,
 And pray remember pussy-cat:
 Poor old pussy-cat, that purrs
 All so patiently for hers.

True, she runs about the house,
 Catching now and then a mouse;
 But, though she thinks it very nice,
 That only makes a tiny slice:
 So don't forget that you should stop,
 And leave poor puss a little drop.

GOOD NIGHT

Little baby, lay your head
On your pretty cradle-bed;
Shut your eye-peeps, now the day
And the light are gone away;
All the clothes are tucked in tight;
Little baby dear, good night.

Yes, my darling, well I know
How the bitter wind doth blow;
And the winter's snow and rain
Patter on the window-pane:
But they cannot come in here,
To my little baby dear;

For the window shutteth fast,
Till the stormy night is past;
And the curtains warm are spread
Round about her cradle-bed:
So till morning shineth bright
Little baby dear, good night.

GOING TO BED

Down upon my pillow warm,
 I do lay my little head,
 And the rain, and wind, and storm,
 Cannot come too nigh my bed.

Many little children poor
 Have not any where to go,
 And sad hardships they endure,
 Such as I did never know.

Dear mamma, I'll thank you oft
 For this comfortable bed,
 And this pretty pillow soft,
 Where I rest my little head.

I shall sleep till morning light,
 On a bed so nice as this;
 So my dear mamma, good night,
 Give your little girl a kiss.

GOING TO BED AT NIGHT

Receive my body, pretty bed;
Soft pillow, O receive my head,
And thanks, my parents kind,
For comforts you for me provide;
Your precepts still shall be my guide,
Your love I'll keep in mind.

My hours mis-spent this day I rue,
My good things done, how very few!
Forgive my faults, O Lord;
This night, if in Thy grace I rest,
To-morrow may I rise refreshed,
To keep Thy holy word.

— *Adelaide O'Keeffe*

RISING IN THE MORNING

Thrice welcome to my opening eyes,
The morning beam, which bids me rise
To all the joys of youth;
For Thy protection whilst I slept,
O Lord, my humble thanks accept,
And bless my lips with truth.

Like cheerful birds, as I begin
 This day, O keep my soul from sin,
 And all things shall be well.
 Thou givest health, and clothes, and food,
 Preserve me innocent and good,
 Till evening curfew bell.

— *Adelaide O'Keeffe*

TIME TO GET UP

The cock, who soundly sleeps at night,
 Rises with the morning light,
 Very loud and shrill he crows;
 Then the sleeping ploughman knows
 He must leave his bed also,
 To his morning work to go.

And the little lark does fly
 To the middle of the sky:
 You may hear his merry tune,
 In the morning very soon;
 For he does not like to rest
 Idly in his downy nest.

While the cock is crowing shrill,
Leave my little bed I will,
And I'll rise to hear the lark,
Now it is no longer dark:
'Twould be a pity there to stay,
When 'tis bright and pleasant day.

TIME TO GO TO BED

The sun at evening sets, and then
The lion leaves his gloomy den;
He roars along the forest wide,
Till all who hear are terrified:
There he prowls at evening hour,
Seeking something to devour.

When the sun is in the west,
The white owl leaves his darksome nest;
Wide he opes his staring eyes,
And screams, as round and round he
 flies;
For he hates the cheerful light,
He sleeps by day and wakes at night.

When the lion cometh out,
 When the white owl flies about,
 I must lay my sleepy head
 Down upon my pleasant bed;
 There all night I'll lay me still,
 While the owl is screaming shrill.

EVENING

Little girl, it is time to retire to your rest,
 The sheep are put into the fold,
 The linnet forsakes us, and flies to her nest,
 To shelter her young from the cold.

The owl has flown out of his lonely retreat,
 And screams through the tall shady trees;
 The nightingale takes on the hawthorn her seat,
 And sings to the soft dying breeze.

The sun appears now to have finished his race,
 And sinks once again to his rest;
 But though we no longer can see his bright face,
 He leaves a gold streak in the west.

Little girl, have you finished your daily employ
With industry, patience, and care?
If so, lay your head on your pillow with joy,
And sleep away peacefully there.

The moon through your curtains shall cheerfully
peep,
Her silver beams rest on your eyes;
And mild evening breezes shall fan you to sleep,
Till bright morning bid you arise.

— *Jane*

SPRING

See, see, how the ices are melting away,
The rivers have burst from their chain!
The woods and the hedges with verdure look
gay,
And daisies enamel the plain.

The sun rises high, and shines warm o'er the dale,
The orchards with blossoms are white;
The voice of the woodlark is heard in the vale,
And the cuckoo returns from her flight.

Young lambs sport and frisk on the side of the
hill;

The honey-bee wakes from her sleep;
The turtle-dove opens her soft-cooing bill,
And snowdrops and primroses peep.

All nature looks active, delightful, and gay,
The creatures begin their employ;
Ah! let me not be less industrious than they,
An idle, an indolent boy.

Now, while in the spring of my vigor and bloom,
In the paths of fair learning I'll run;
Nor let the best part of my being consume,
With nothing of consequence done.

Thus, if to my lessons with care I attend,
And store up the knowledge I gain,
When the winter of age shall upon me descend,
'Twill cheer the dark season of pain.

— *Ann*

THE LEAFY SPRING

I love the pleasant spring,
When buds begin to push,
And flowers their nosegays bring
To hang on every bush,
Till stores of May, with snowy bloom,
Fill the young hedge-rows with perfume.

Above the garden beds,
Watched well by lady's eye,
Snowdrops with milky heads
Peep to the soft'ning sky,
And welcome crocuses shoot up,
With gilded spike and golden cup.

Oh, I some meadows know
Beside our good old town,
Where millions of them grow,
Just like a purple down!
They come, — but why, there's none can tell,
Only we love to see them, well.

On pastures wide and green,
Upon a thousand stems,
Fit for a fairy queen

To wear for precious gems,
Young cowslips smile at earth and sky,
With sweetest breath and golden eye.

And where the banks are wet
With drops of morning dew,
The gentle violet
Steals out, in hood of blue,
And primroses in clusters rise,
Like pretty, pale-faced families.

I love the pleasant spring,
Those days of warmth and light,
When every leafy thing
Comes peeping into sight;
It makes me feel, — I cannot tell
How brisk and happy, kind and well.

SUMMER

The heat of the summer comes hastily on,
The fruits are transparent and clear:
The buds and the blossoms of April are gone,
And the deep-colored cherries appear.

The blue sky above us is bright and serene,
No cloud on its bosom remains;
The woods, and the fields, and the hedges are
green,
And the hay-cocks smell sweet from the plains.

Down far in the valley, where bubbles the spring,
Which soft through the meadow-land glides,
The lads from the mountain the heavy sheep
bring,
And shear the warm coats from their sides.

Ah! let me lie down in some shady retreat,
Beside the meandering stream;
For the sun darts abroad in unbearable heat,
And burns with his overhead beam.

There, all the day idle, my limbs I'll extend,
Fanned soft to delicious repose;
While round me a thousand sweet odors ascend,
From every gay wood-flower that blows.

But hark! from the lowlands what sounds do I
hear?
The voices of pleasure so gay!

The merry young haymakers cheerfully bear
The heat of the hot summer's day.

While some with bright scythe singing shrill to
the stone,
The tall grass and buttercups mow,
Some spread it with forks, and by others 'tis
thrown
Into sweet-smelling cocks in a row.

Then since joy and glee with activity join,
This moment to labor I'll rise;
While the idle love best in the shade to recline,
And waste precious time as it flies.

To waste precious time we can never recall,
Is waste of the wickedest kind:
One short day of life has more value than all
The gold that in India they find.

Not diamonds that brilliantly beam in the mine,
For time, precious time, should be given:
For gems can but make us look gaudy and fine,
But time can prepare us for heaven.

— *Ann*

AUTUMN

The sun is now rising above the old trees,
His beams on the silver dew play,
The gossamer tenderly waves in the breeze,
And the mists are fast rolling away.

Let us leave the warm bed, and the pillow of
down,
The morning fair bids us arise,
Little boy, for the shadows of midnight are
flown,
And the sunbeams peep into our eyes.

We'll pass by the garden that leads to the gate,
But where is its gaiety now?
The Michaelmas-daisy blows lonely and late,
And the yellow leaf whirls from the bough.

Last night the glad reapers their harvest-home
sang,
And stored the full garner with grain:
The woods and the echoes with merry sounds
rang,
As they bore the last sheaf from the plain.

But hark! from the woodlands the sound of a
gun,

The wounded bird flutters and dies;
Where can be the pleasure, for nothing but fun,
To shoot the poor thing as it flies?

The timid hare, too, in fright and dismay,
Runs swift through the brushwood and grass,
She turns and she winds to get out of their way,
But the cruel dogs won't let her pass.

Ah! poor little partridge and pheasant and hare,
I wish they would leave you to live!
For my part, I wonder how people can bear
To see the distress that they give.

When Reynard at midnight steals down to the
farm,
And kills the poor chickens and cocks,
Then rise, Father Goodman, there can be no
harm
In chasing a thief of a fox.

Or you, Mr. Butcher, and Fisherman, you
May follow your trades, I must own:

So chimneys are swept, when they want it —
but who
Would sweep them for pleasure alone?

If men would but think of the torture they give
To creatures that cannot complain,
They surely would let the poor animals live,
And not make a sport of their pain!

— *Ann*

WINTER

Behold the grey branches that stretch from the
trees,
Nor blossom nor verdure they wear!
They rattle and shake to the northerly breeze,
And wave their long arms in the air.

The sun hides his face in a mantle of cloud,
The roar of the ocean is heard,
The wind through the wood bellows hoarsely
and loud,
And overland sails the sea-bird.

Come in, little Charles, for the snow patters
down,

No paths in the garden remain:
The streets and the houses are white in the town,
And white are the fields and the plain.

Come in, little Charles, from the tempest of snow,
'Tis dark, and the shutters we'll close;
We'll put a fresh faggot to make the fire glow,
Secure from the storm as it blows.

But how many wretches, without house or home,
Are wandering naked and pale;
Obliged on the snow-covered common to roam,
And pierced by the pitiless gale!

No house for their shelter, no victuals to eat,
No bed for their limbs to repose:
Or a crust, dry and mouldy, the best of their
meat,
And their pillow — a pillow of snows!

Be thankful, my child, that it is not your lot
To wander, or beg at the door,

A father, and mother, and home you have got,
And yet you deserved them no more.

Be thankful, my child, and forget not to pay
Your thanks to that Father above,
Who gives you so many more blessings than they,
And crowns your whole life with His love.

— *Ann*

DECEMBER NIGHT

Dark and dismal is the night,
Beating rain, and wind so high!
Close the window-shutters tight,
And the cheerful fire draw nigh.

Hear the blast in dreadful chorus,
Roaring through the naked trees,
Just like thunder bursting o'er us;
Now they murmur, now they cease.

Think how many on the wild
Wander in this dreadful weather:
Some poor mother with her child,
Scarce can keep her rags together.

Or a wretched family
 'Neath some mud-walled ruined shed
 Shrugging close together, lie
 On the earth — their only bed.

While we sit within so warm,
 Sheltered, comfortable, safe,
 Think how many bide the storm,
 Who no home nor shelter have.

Glad, these sorrows could we lighten,
 We who suffer no such woe;
 Let, at least, contentment brighten
 Every tranquil hour we know.

— *Isaac Taylor*

SNOW

O come to the window, dear brother, and see
 What a change has been made in the night;
 The snow has quite covered the broad cedar-
 tree,
 And the bushes are sprinkled with white.

The spring in the grove is beginning to freeze,
The fish-pond is frozen all o'er;
Long icicles hang in bright rows from the trees,
And drop in odd shapes from the door.

The old mossy thatch, and the meadow so green,
Are hid with a mantle of white;
The snowdrop and crocus no longer are seen,
The thick snow has covered them quite.

And see the poor birds how they fly to and fro,
As they look for their breakfast again;
But the food that they seek for is hid in the snow
And they hop about for it in vain.

Then open the window, I'll throw them some
bread,
I've some of my breakfast to spare;
I wish they would come to my hand to be fed,
But they're all flown away, I declare.

Nay, now, pretty birds, don't be frightened, I
pray,
You shall not be hurt, I'll engage;

I'm not come to catch you, and force you away,
Or fasten you up in a cage.

I wish you could know there's no cause for alarm:
From me you have nothing to fear;
Why, my little fingers should do you no harm,
Although you came ever so near!

— *Jane*

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Who showed the little ant the way
Her narrow hole to bore,
And spend the pleasant summer day,
In laying up her store?

The sparrow builds her clever nest,
Of wool, and hay, and moss:
Who told her how to weave it best,
And lay the twigs across?

Who taught the busy bee to fly
Among the sweetest flowers,
And lay his feast of honey by,
To eat in winter hours?

'Twas God who showed them all the way,
And gave their little skill,
And teaches children, if they pray,
To do His holy will.

THE LITTLE ANTS

A little black ant found a large grain of wheat,
Too heavy to lift or to roll;
So he begged of a neighbor he happened to meet,
To help it down into his hole.

"I've got my own work to see after," said he;
"You must shift for yourself, if you please;"
So he crawled off, as selfish and cross as could be,
And lay down to sleep at his ease.

Just then a black brother was passing the road,
And seeing his neighbor in want,
Came up and assisted him in with his load;
For he was a good-natured ant.

Let all who this story may happen to hear,
Endeavor to profit by it;

For often it happens that children appear
As cross as the ant every bit.

And the good-natured ant, who assisted his
brother,

May teach those who choose to be taught,
That if little insects are kind to each other,
Then children most certainly ought.

THE ANT'S NEST

It is such a beautiful day,
And the sun shines so bright and so warm,
That the little ants, busy and gay,
Are come from their holes in a swarm.

All the winter together they sleep,
Or in underground passages run,
Not one of them daring to peep,
To see the bright face of the sun.

But the snow is now melted away,
And the trees are all covered with green;
And these little ants, busy and gay,
Creeping out from their houses are seen

They've left us no room to go by,
So we'll step aside on to the grass,
For a hundred poor insects might die
Under your little feet as they pass.

THE SELFISH SNAILS

It happened that a little snail
Came crawling, with his slimy tail,
Upon a cabbage stalk;
But two more little snails were there,
Both feasting on this dainty fare,
Engaged in friendly talk.

"No, no, you shall not dine with us;
How dare you interrupt us thus?"
The greedy snails declare;
So their poor brother they discard,
Who really thinks it very hard
He may not have his share.

But selfish folks are sure to know
They get no good by being so,
In earnest or in play;

Which these two snails confessed, no doubt,
When soon the gardener spied them out,
And threw them both away.

THE WASP AND THE BEE

A Wasp met a Bee that was just buzzing by,
And he said, "My dear cousin, can you tell me
why
You are loved so much better by people than I?

"Why, my back is as bright and as yellow as
gold,
And my shape is most elegant, too, to behold;
Yet nobody likes me for that, I am told!"

Says the Bee, "My dear cousin, it's all very true,
But indeed they would love me no better than you,
If I were but half as much mischief to do!

"You have a fine shape, and a delicate wing,
And they own you are handsome, but then there's
one thing
Which they cannot put up with, and that is your
sting.

“Now I put it at once to your own common
sense,
If you are not so ready at taking offence
As to sting them on every trifling pretence?”

“Though my dress is so homely and plain, as you
see,
And I have a small sting, they’re not angry with
me,
Because I’m a busy and good-natured Bee!”

From this pray let ill-natured people beware,
Because I am sure, if they do not take care,
That they’ll never be loved, if they’re ever so
fair.

THE BUTTERFLY

The Butterfly, an idle thing,
Nor honey makes, nor yet can sing,
As do the bee and bird;
Nor does it, like the prudent ant,
Lay up the grain for times of want,
A wise and cautious hoard.

My youth is but a summer's day:
 Then like the bee and ant I'll lay
 A store of learning by;
 And though from flower to flower I rove,
 My stock of wisdom I'll improve,
 Nor be a butterfly.

— *Adelaide O'Keeffe*

TO A BUTTERFLY ON GIVING IT LIBERTY

Poor harmless insect, thither fly,
 And life's short hour enjoy;
 'Tis all thou hast, and why should I
 That little all destroy?

Why should my tyrant will suspend
 A life by wisdom given;
 Or sooner bid thy being end,
 Than was designed by Heaven?

Lost to the joy that reason knows
 Thy bosom, fair and frail,
 Loves best to wander where the rose
 Perfumes the pleasant gale.

To bask upon the sunny bed,
The damask flower to kiss;
To rove along the bending shade,
Is all thy little bliss.

Then flutter still thy silken wings,
In rich embroidery drest;
And sport upon the gale that flings
Sweet odors from his vest.

— *Ann*

BIRDS, BEASTS, AND FISHES

The Dog will come when he is called,
The Cat will walk away;
The Monkey's cheek is very bald;
The Goat is fond of play.
The Parrot is a prate-apace,
Yet knows not what he says:
The noble Horse will win the race,
Or draw you in a chaise.

The Pig is not a feeder nice,
The Squirrel loves a nut,

The Wolf would eat you in a trice,
 The Buzzard's eyes are shut.
 The Lark sings high up in the air,
 The Linnet in the tree;
 The Swan he has a bosom fair,
 And who so proud as he?

Oh, yes, the Peacock is more proud,
 Because his tail has eyes,
 The Lion roars so very loud,
 He'd fill you with surprise.
 The Raven's coat is shining black,
 Or rather, raven grey:
 The Camel's bunch is on his back,
 The Owl abhors the day.

The Sparrow steals the cherry ripe,
 The Elephant is wise,
 The Blackbird charms you with his pipe,
 The false Hyena cries.
 The Hen guards well her little chicks,
 The Cow — her hoof is slit:
 The Beaver builds with mud and sticks,
 The Lapwing cries "peewit."

The little Wren is very small,
The Humming-bird is less;
The Lady-bird is least of all,
And beautiful in dress.
The Pelican she loves her young,
The Stork its parent loves;
The Woodcock's bill is very long,
And innocent are Doves.

The streakèd Tiger's fond of blood,
The Pigeon feeds on peas,
The Duck will gobble in the mud,
The Mice will eat your cheese.
A Lobster's black, when boiled he's red,
The harmless Lamb must bleed:
The Cod-fish has a clumsy head,
The Goose on grass will feed.

The lady in her gown of silk,
The little Worm may thank;
The sick man drinks the Ass's milk,
The Weasel's long and lank.
The Buck gives us a venison dish,
When hunted for the spoil:
The Shark eats up the little fish,
The Whale produces oil.

The Glow-worm shines the darkest night,
 With lantern in its tail;
 The Turtle is the cit's delight,
 And wears a coat of mail.
 In Germany they hunt the Boar,
 The Bee brings honey home,
 The Ant lays up a winter store,
 The Bear loves honey-comb.

The Eagle has a crooked beak,
 The Plaice has orange spots;
 The Starling, if he's taught, will speak;
 The Ostrich walks and trots.
 The child that does not these things know,
 Might well be called a dunce;
 But I in knowledge quick will grow,
 For youth can come but once.

— *Adelaide O'Keeffe*

CHARLES AND ANIMALS

The cow has a horn, and the fish has a gill;
 The horse has a hoof, and the duck has a bill;
 The bird has a wing, that on high he may sail;
 And the lion a mane, and the monkey a tail;

And they swim, or they fly, or they walk, or they
eat,
With fin, or with wing, or with bill, or with feet.

And Charles has two hands, with five fingers to
each,

On purpose to work with, to hold and to reach;
No birds, beasts, or fishes, for work or for play,
Have any thing half so convenient as they;
But if he don't use them, and *keep* them in use,
He'd better have had but two legs, like a goose.

— *Jane*

HONEST OLD TRAY

Do not hurt the poor fellow, your honest old
Tray!

What good will it do you to drive him away,
Or tease him, and force him to bite?

Remember how faithful he is to his charge,
And barks at the rogues when we set him at large,
And guards us by day and by night.

Though you, by-and-by, will grow up to a man
And Tray'll be a dog, let him grow as he can,

Remember, my good little lad,
A dog that is honest, and faithful, and mild,
Is not only better than is a bad child,
But better than *men* that are bad.

If you are a boy, and Tray is but a beast,
I think it should teach you one lesson at least,
You ought to act better than he;
And if without reason, or judgment, or sense,
Tray does as we bid him, and gives no offence,
How diligent Richard should be!

If I do but just whistle, as often you've seen,
He seems to say, "Master, what is it you mean?
My courage and duty are tried."
And see, when I throw my stick over the pale,
He fetches it back, and comes wagging his tail,
And lays it down close by my side.

Then honest old Tray, let him sleep at his ease,
While you from him learn to endeavor to please,
And obey me with spirit and joy:
Or else we shall find (what would grieve me to say)
That Richard's no better than honest old Tray,
And a brute has more sense than a boy.

L. OF C.

— *Ann*

THE QUARRELSOME DOGS

Old Tray and rough Growler are having a fight,
Do let us get out of their way;
They snarl, and they growl, and they bark, and
they bite!

Oh dear, what a terrible fray!

Why, what foolish fellows! Now, is it not hard
That they can't live together in quiet?

There's plenty of room for them both in the
yard,

And I'm sure they have plenty of diet.

But who ever said to old Growler and Tray,
It was naughty to quarrel and fight?

They think it as pretty to fight as to play;
And they do not know wrong from right.

But when little children, who do know it's wrong,
Are angrily fighting away,

We are sure that to them far more blame must
belong,

Than to quarrelsome Growler and Tray.

NO BREAKFAST FOR GROWLER

“No, naughty Growler, get away,
 You shall not have a bit;
 Now when I speak, how dare you stay?
 I can't spare any, Sir, I say,
 And so you need not sit.”

Poor Growler! do not make him go,
 But recollect, before,
 That he has never served you so,
 For you have given him many a blow,
 That patiently he bore.

Poor Growler! if he could but speak,
 He'd tell (as well he might)
 How he would bear with many a freak,
 And wag his tail, and look so meek,
 And neither bark nor bite.

Upon his back he lets you ride,
 All round and round the yard;
 And now, while sitting by your side,
 To have a bit of bread denied,
 Is really very hard.

And all your little tricks he'll bear,
And never seem to mind;
And yet you say you cannot spare
One bit of breakfast for his share,
Although he is so kind!

POOR PUSS

Oh, Harry! my dear, do not hurt the poor cat,
For Pussy, I'm sure, will not thank you for that;
She was doing no harm, as she laid on the mat.

Suppose some great giant, amazingly strong,
Were to kick you, and squeeze you, and drive
you along;
Now, would you not think it exceedingly wrong?

And really, my dear, you're as greatly to blame,
For you're serving poor Pussy exactly the same,
And yet she's so gentle, and quiet, and tame,

She is under the table, quite out of your way,
And why should you tease her, and drive her
away?

She thinks you're in earnest, if you call it play.

There, now go and call her, and stroke her again,
And never, my love, give poor animals pain,
For you know, when you hurt them, they cannot
complain.

THE FROLICSOME KITTEN

“Dear kitten, do lie still, I say,
I really want you to be quiet,
Instead of scampering away,
And always making such a riot.

“There, only see! you’ve torn my frock,
And poor mamma must put a patch in;
I’ll give you a right earnest knock,
To cure you of this trick of scratching.”

Nay, do not scold your little cat,
She does not know what ’tis you’re saying;
And every time you give a pat,
She thinks you mean it all for playing.

But if poor pussy understood
The lesson that you want to teach her,
And did not choose to be so good,
She’d be, indeed, a naughty creature.

THE DUNCE OF A KITTEN

Come, pussy, will you learn to read?
I've got a pretty book:
Nay, turn this way, you must, indeed:
Fie, there's a sulky look.

Here is a pretty picture, see,
An Apple, and great A:
How stupid you will always be,
If you do nought but play.

Come, A, B, C, an easy task,
What any one could do:
I will do anything you ask,
For dearly I love you.

Now how I'm vexed you are so dull,
You have not learnt it half;
You'll grow a downright simpleton,
And make the people laugh.

Mamma told me so, I declare,
And made me quite ashamed;
So I resolved no pains to spare,
Nor like a dunce be blamed.

Well, get along, you naughty kit,
 And after mice go look!
 I'm glad that I have got more wit —
 I love my pretty book.

THE FOX AND THE CROW

The fox and the crow,
 In prose, I well know,
 Many good little girls can rehearse:
 Perhaps it will tell
 Pretty nearly as well,
 If we try the same fable in verse.

In a dairy a crow,
 Having ventured to go,
 Some food for her young ones to seek,
 Flew up in the trees,
 With a fine piece of cheese,
 Which she joyfully held in her beak.

A fox, who lived by,
 To the tree saw her fly,
 And to share in the prize made a vow;

For having just dined,
He for cheese felt inclined,
So he went and sat under the bough.

She was cunning, he knew,
But so was he too,
And with flattery adapted his plan;
For he knew if she'd speak,
It must fall from her beak,
So, bowing politely, began.

“ 'Tis a very fine day ”
(Not a word did she say):
“ The wind, I believe, ma'am, is south;
A fine harvest for peas: ”
He then looked at the cheese,
But the crow did not open her mouth.

Sly Reynard, not tired,
Her plumage admired,
“ How charming! how brilliant its hue!
The voice must be fine,
Of a bird so divine,
Ah, let me just hear it, pray do.

“Believe me, I long
 To hear a sweet song:”
 The silly crow foolishly tries:
 She scarce gave one squall,
 When the cheese she let fall,
 And the fox ran away with the prize.

MORAL

Ye innocent fair,
 Of coxcombs beware,
 To flattery never give ear;
 Try well each pretence,
 And keep to plain sense,
 And then you have little to fear.

— *Little B.*

GOOD DOBBIN

Oh! thank you, good Dobbin, you've been a
 long track,
 And have carried papa all the way on your back;
 You shall have some nice oats, faithful Dobbin,
 indeed,
 For you've brought papa home to his darling
 with speed.

The howling wind blew, and the pelting rain
beat,
And the thick mud has covered his legs and his
feet,
But yet on he galloped in spite of the rain,
And has brought papa home to his darling again.

The sun it was setting a long while ago,
And papa could not see the road where he
should go,
But Dobbin kept on through the desolate wild,
And has brought papa home to his dear little
child.

Now go to the stable, the night is so raw,
Go, Dobbin, and rest your old bones on the
straw:
Don't stand any longer out there in the rain,
For you've brought papa home to his darling
again.

THE SHEEP

“Lazy sheep, pray tell me why
In the pleasant fields you lie,
Eating grass and daisies white,
From the morning till the night?
Every thing can something do,
But what kind of use are you?”

“Nay, my little master, nay,
Do not serve me so, I pray:
Don’t you see the wool that grows
On my back, to make you clothes?
Cold, and very cold, you’d be,
If you had not wool from me.

“True, it seems a pleasant thing,
To nip the daisies in the spring;
But many chilly nights I pass
On the cold and dewy grass,
Or pick a scanty dinner, where
All the common’s brown and bare.

“Then the farmer comes at last,
When the merry spring is past,

And cuts my woolly coat away,
To warm you in the winter's day:
Little master, this is why
In the pleasant fields I lie."

THE PIGS

"Do look at those pigs as they lie in the straw,"
Willy said to his father one day;
"They keep eating longer than ever I saw,
Oh, what greedy gluttons are they!"

"I see they are feasting," his father replied,
"They eat a great deal, I allow;
But let us remember, before we deride,
'Tis the nature, my dear, of a sow.

"But were a great boy, such as you, my dear
Will,
Like them to be eating all day,
Or be taking nice things till he made himself
ill,
What a glutton, indeed, we might say!

“If plum-cake and sugar he constantly picks,
And sweetmeats, and comfits, and figs,
We should tell him to leave off his own greedy
tricks,
Before he finds fault with the pigs.”

— *Jane*

OF WHAT ARE YOUR CLOTHES MADE?

Come here to papa, and I'll tell my dear boy,
(For I think he would never have guessed,)
How many poor animals we must employ
Before little Charles can be dressed.

The pretty Sheep gives you the wool from his
sides,
To make you a jacket to use;
And the Dog or the Seal must be stripp'd of
their hides,
To give you these nice little shoes.

And then the shy Beaver contributes his share
With the Rabbit, to give you a hat;
For this must be made of their delicate hair,
And so you may thank them for that.

All these I have mentioned, and many more too,
Each willingly gives us a share,
One sends us a hat and another a shoe,
That we may have plenty to wear.

Then as the poor creatures are suffered to give
So much for the comfort of man,
I think 'tis but right, that as long as they live
We should do for them all that we can.

THE REDBREAST'S PETITION

The thrush sings nobly on the tree,
In strength of voice excelling me,
Whilst leaves and fruits are on;
But think how Robin sings for you,
When nature's beauties bid adieu,
And leaves and fruits are gone.
Ah, then, to me some crumbs of bread pray fling,
And through the year my grateful thanks I'll
sing.

When winter's winds blow loud and rude,
And birds retire in sullen mood,
And snows make white the ground,

My note your drooping heart may charm;
 And, sure that you'll not do me harm,
 I hop your window round.
 Ah, then, to me some crumbs of bread pray fling!
 And through the year my grateful thanks I'll

Since, friends, in you I put my trust,
 And please you too, you should be just,
 And for your music pay!
 Or if I find a traveller dead,
 My bill with leaves his corpse shall spread,
 And sing his passing lay.
 Ah, then, to me some crumbs of bread pray fling!
 And through the year my grateful thanks I'll
 sing.

— *Adelaide O'Keeffe*

THE FIGHTING BIRDS

Two little birds, in search of food,
 Flew o'er the fields and skimmed the flood,
 At last a worm they spy:
 But who should take the prize they strove,
 Their quarrel sounded through the grove,
 In notes both shrill and high.

Just then a hawk, whose piercing sight
Had marked his prey, and watched their fight,
With certain aim descended,
And pouncing on their furious strife,
He stopped the discord with their life,
And so the war was ended.

Thus when at variance brothers live,
And frequent words of anger give,
With spite their bosoms rending;
Ere long with some, perchance, they meet,
Who take advantage of their heat,
Their course in sorrow ending.

—*Jane*

THE BIRD'S NEST

Now the sun rises bright and soars high in the
air,
The hedge-rows in blossoms are drest;
The sweet little birds to the meadows repair,
And pick up the moss and the lamb's wool and
hair,
To weave each her beautiful nest.

High up in some tree, far away from the town,
 Where they think naughty boys cannot creep,
 They build it with twigs, and they line it with
 down,
 And lay their neat eggs, speckled over with
 brown,
 And sit till the little ones peep.

Then come, little boy, shall we go to the wood,
 And climb up yon very tall tree:
 And while the old birds are gone out to get food,
 Take down the warm nest and the chirruping
 brood,
 And divide them betwixt you and me?

O no; I am sure 'twould be cruel and bad,
 To take their poor nestlings away;
 And after the toil and the trouble they've had,
 When they think themselves safe, and are sing-
 ing so glad,
 To spoil all their work for our play.

Suppose some great creature, a dozen yards high,
 Should stalk up at night to your bed,
 And out of the window away with you fly,

Nor stop while you bid your dear parents good-
bye,

Nor care for a word that you said:

And take you, not one of your friends could tell
where,

And fasten you down with a chain;
And feed you with victuals you never could bear,
And hardly allow you to breathe the fresh air,
Nor ever to come back again:

Oh! how for your dearest mamma would you sigh,
And long to her bosom to run;
And try to break out of your prison, and cry,
And dread the huge monster, so cruel and sly,
Who carried you off for his fun!

Then say, little boy, shall we climb the tall tree?
Ah! no — but remember instead,
'Twould almost as cruel and terrible be,
As if such a monster to-night you should see,
To snatch you away from your bed!

Then sleep, little innocents, sleep in your nest,
To steal you I know would be wrong;

And when the next summer in green shall be
drest,
And your merry music shall join with the rest,
You'll pay us for all with a song.

Away to the woodlands we'll merrily hie,
And sit by yon very tall tree;
And rejoice, as we hear your sweet carols on high,
With silken wings soaring amid the blue sky,
That we left you to sing and be free.

— *Ann*

THE SPARROWS

Hop about, pretty sparrows, and pick up the hay,
And the twigs, and the wool, and the moss;
Indeed, I'll stand far enough out of your way,
Don't fly from the window so cross.

I don't mean to catch you, you dear little Dick,
And fasten you up in a cage;
To hop all day long on a straight bit of stick,
Or to flutter about in a rage.

I only just want to stand by you and see
How you gather the twigs for your house;

Or sit at the foot of the jenneting tree,
While you twitter a song in the boughs.

O dear, if you'd eat a crumb out of my hand,
How happy and glad I should be!
Then come, little bird, while I quietly stand
At the foot of the jenneting tree.

THE LITTLE LARK

I hear a pretty bird, but hark!
I cannot see it anywhere.
Oh! it is a little lark,
Singing in the morning air.
Little lark, do tell me why
You are singing in the sky?

Other little birds at rest,
Have not yet begun to sing;
Every one is in its nest,
With its head behind its wing:
Little lark, then, tell me why
You're so early in the sky?

You look no bigger than a bee,
 In the middle of the blue;
 Up above the poplar tree,
 I can hardly look at you:
 Little lark, do tell me why
 You are mounted up so high?

'Tis to watch the silver star
 Sinking slowly in the skies;
 And beyond the mountain far,
 See the glorious sun arise:
 Little lady, this is why
 I am mounted up so high.

'Tis to sing a merry song
 To the pleasant morning light;
 Why stay in my nest so long,
 When the sun is shining bright?
 Little lady, this is why
 I sing so early in the sky.

To the little birds below,
 I do sing a merry tune;
 And I let the ploughman know

He must come to labor soon.
Little lady, this is why
I am singing in the sky.

THE ROBIN

Away, pretty Robin, fly home to your nest,
To make you my captive would please me the
best,

And feed you with worms and with bread:
Your eyes are so sparking, your feathers so soft,
Your little wings flutter so pretty aloft,
And your breast is all covered with red.

But then, 'twould be cruel to keep you, I know,
So stretch out your wings, little Robin, and go,
Fly home to your young ones again;
Go listen once more to your mate's pretty song,
And chirrup and twitter there all the day long,
Secure from the wind and the rain.

But when the leaves fall, and the winter-winds
blow,
And the green fields are covered all over with
snow,

And the clouds in white feathers descend;
 When the springs are all ice, and the rivulets
 freeze,
 And the long shining icicles drop from the trees,
 Then, Robin, remember your friend.

With cold and with hunger half-famished and
 weak,
 Then tap at my window again with your beak,
 Nor shall your petition be vain:
 You shall fly to my bosom and perch on my
 thumbs,
 Or hop round the table, and pick up the crumbs,
 And need not be hungry again.

— *Jane*

THE LITTLE BIRD'S COMPLAINT TO HIS MISTRESS

Here in this wiry prison where I sing,
 And think of sweet green woods, and long to
 fly,
 Unable once to try my useless wing,
 Or wave my feathers in the clear blue sky,

Day after day the selfsame things I see,
The cold white ceiling, and this dreary house;
Ah! how unlike my healthy native tree,
Rocked by the winds that whistled through
the boughs.

Mild spring returning strews the ground with
flowers,
And hangs sweet May-buds on the hedges gay,
But no kind sunshine cheers my gloomy hours,
Nor kind companion twitters on the spray!

Oh! how I long to stretch my listless wings,
And fly away as far as eye can see!
And from the topmost bough, where Robin sings,
Pour my wild songs, and be as blithe as he.

Why was I taken from the waving nest,
From flowery fields, wide woods, and hedges
green;
Torn from my tender mother's downy breast,
In this sad prison house to die unseen?

Why must I hear, in summer evenings fine,
A thousand happier birds in merry choirs?

And I, poor lonely I, in grief repine,
Caged by these wooden walls and golden wires.

Say not, the tuneful notes I daily pour
Are songs of pleasure, from a heart at ease; —
They are but wailings at my prison door,
Incessant cries, to taste the open breeze!

Kind mistress, come, with gentle, pitying hand,
Unbar that curious gate, and set me free;
Then on the whitethorn bush I'll take my stand,
And sing sweet songs to freedom and to thee.

— *Ann*

THE MISTRESS'S REPLY TO HER LITTLE BIRD

Dear little bird, don't make this piteous cry,
My heart will break to hear thee thus com-
plain;
Gladly, dear little bird, I'd let thee fly,
If that were likely to relieve thy pain.

Base was the boy who climbed the tree so high,
And took thee, bare and shivering, from thy nest;

But no, dear little bird, it was not I,
There's more of soft compassion in my breast.

But when I saw thee gasping wide for breath,
Without one feather on thy callow skin,
I begged the cruel boy to spare thy death,
Paid for thy little life, and took thee in.

Fondly I fed thee, with the tenderest care,
And filled thy gaping beak with nicest food,
Gave thee new bread and butter from my share,
And then with chickweed green thy dwelling
strewed.

Soon downy feathers dressed thy naked wing,
Smoothed by thy little beak with beauish care;
And many a summer's evening wouldst thou sing,
And hop from perch to perch with merry air.

But if I now should loose thy prison door,
And let thee out into the world so wide,
Unused to such a wondrous place before,
Thou'dst want some friendly shelter where to
hide.

Thy brother birds would peck thy little eyes,
 And fright the stranger from their woods away;
 Fierce hawks would chase thee trembling through
 the skies,
 Or crouching pussy mark thee for her prey.

Sad, on the lonely blackthorn wouldst thou sit,
 Thy mournful song unpitied and unheard;
 And when the wintry wind and driving sleet
 Came sweeping o'er, they'd kill my pretty bird.

Then do not pine, my favorite, to be free,
 Plume up thy wings, and clear that sullen eye;
 I would not take thee from thy native tree,
 But now 'twould kill thee soon, to let thee fly.

— *Ann*

LITTLE BIRDS AND CRUEL BOYS

A little bird built a warm nest in a tree,
 And laid some blue eggs in it, one, two, and three,
 And then very glad and delighted was she.

And after a while, but how long I can't tell,
 The little ones crept, one by one, from the shell;

And their mother was pleased, for she loved
them all well.

She spread her soft wings on them all the day
long,
To warm and to guard them, her love was so
strong;
And her mate sat beside her, and sung her a
song.

One day the young birds were all crying for food,
So off flew their mother away from her brood;
And up came some boys, who were wicked and
rude.

So they pull'd the warm nest down away from
the tree;
And the little ones cried, but they could not get
free;
So at last they all died away, one, two, and three.

But when back to the nest the poor mother did
fly,
O then she set up a most pitiful cry!
And she mourned a long while, and then lay
down to die!

THE GOOD-NATURED GIRLS

Two good little children, named Mary and Ann,
Both happily lived, as good girls always can:
And though they are not either sullen or mute,
They seldom or never are heard to dispute.

If one wants a thing that the other would like —
Well, — what do they do? Must they quarrel
and strike?

No, each is so willing to give up her own,
That such disagreements are there never known.

If one of them happens to have something nice,
Directly she offers her sister a slice;
And never, like some greedy children, would try
To eat in a corner with nobody by!

When papa or mamma has a job to be done,
These good little children immediately run;
Nor dispute whether this or the other should go,
They *would* be ashamed to behave themselves so!

Whatever occurs, in their work or their play,
They are willing to yield, and give up their own
way:

Then now let us try their example to mind,
And always, like them, be obliging and kind.

—*Jane*

THE WAY TO BE HAPPY

How pleasant it is at the end of the day,
No follies to have to repent,
But reflect on the past, and be able to say,
My time has been properly spent!

When I've finished my business with patience
and care,
And been good, and obliging, and kind,
I lie on my pillow and sleep away there,
With a happy and peaceable mind.

Instead of all this, if it must be confest
That I careless and idle have been,
I lie down as usual, and go to my rest,
But feel discontented within.

Then, as I dislike all the trouble I've had,
In future I'll try to prevent it,
For I never am naughty without being sad,
Or good — without being contented.

—*Jane*

WHICH IS THE BEST WAY TO BE HAPPY?

I think I should like to be happy to-day,
If I could but tell which was the easiest way:
But then, I don't know any pretty new play:

And as to the old ones — why which is the best?
There's fine blind-man's-buff, hide-and-seek,
and the rest
Or pretending it's tea-time, when dollies are
dress'd!

But no — let me see, now I've thought of a way,
Which would really, I think, be still better than
play,
I'll try to be good, if I can, the whole day.

Without any fretting or crying: oh, no,
For that makes me unhappy wherever I go,
And it would be a pity to spoil the day so.

I don't choose to be such a baby, not I,
To be peevish and cross and just ready to cry:
And mamma'll be so pleased, that at least I will
try!

SULKING

Why is Mary standing there,
Leaning down upon a chair,
With such an angry lip and brow?
I wonder what's the matter now.

Come here, my dear, and tell me true,
Is it because I spoke to you
About the work you'd done so slow,
That you are standing fretting so?

Why then, indeed, I'm grieved to see
That you can so ill-tempered be;
You make your fault a great deal worse,
By being angry and perverse.

O how much better 'twould appear
To see you shed a humble tear,
And then to hear you meekly say,
"I'll not do so another day."

For you to stand and look so cross
(Which makes your fault so much the worse)
Is far more naughty, dear, you know,
Than having done your work so slow!

LITTLE GIRLS MUST NOT FRET

What is it that makes little Emily cry?
Come then, let mamma wipe the tear from her
eye:

There — lay down your head on my bosom —
that's right,
And now tell mamma what's the matter to-night.

What! Emmy is sleepy, and tired with play?
Come, Betty, make haste then, and fetch her
away;

But do not be fretful, my darling, because
Mamma cannot love little girls that are cross.

She shall soon go to bed and forget it all there.
Ah! here's her sweet smile come again, I declare:
That's right, for I thought you quite naughty
before:

Good night, my dear child, but don't fret any
more.

EMPLOYMENT

“Who’ll come here and play with me under the tree?

My sisters have left me alone:
Ah! sweet little sparrow, come hither to me,
And play with me while they are gone.”

“O no, little lady, I can’t come, indeed,
I’ve no time to idle away,
I’ve got all my dear little children to feed,
They’ve not had a morsel to-day.”

“Pretty bee, do not buzz in that marigold flower,
But come here and play with me, do;
The sparrow won’t come and stay with me an hour,
But say, pretty bee, will not you?”

“O no, little lady, for do not you see,
Those must work who would prosper and thrive;
If I play, they will call me a sad idle bee,
And perhaps turn me out of the hive.”

“Stop, stop, little ant, do not run off so fast,
Wait with me a little and play;

I hope I shall find a companion at last,
You are not so busy as they."

"O no, little lady, I can't stay with you,
We are not made to play but to labor;
I always have something or other to do,
If not for myself, for a neighbor."

"What, then! they all have some employment
but me,
Whilst I loiter here like a dunce:
O then, like the sparrow, the ant, and the bee,
I'll go to my lesson at once."

— *Jane*

SLEEPY HARRY

"I do not like to go to bed,"
Sleepy little Harry said,
"Go, naughty Betty, go away,
I will not come at all, I say!"

O what a silly little fellow!
I should be quite ashamed to tell her;

Then, Betty, you must come and carry
This very foolish little Harry.

The little birds are better taught,
They go to roosting when they ought;
And all the ducks and fowls, you know,
They went to bed an hour ago.

The little beggar in the street,
Who wanders with his naked feet,
And has not where to lay his head,
O he'd be glad to go to bed.

THE ENGLISH GIRL

Sporting on the village green,
The pretty English girl is seen;
Or beside her cottage neat,
Knitting on the garden seat.

Now within her humble door,
Sweeping clean the kitchen floor,
While upon the wall so white
Hang her coppers, polished bright.

Mary never idle sits,
 She either sews, or spins, or knits;
 Hard she labors all the week,
 With sparkling eye and rosy cheek.

And on Sunday Mary goes,
 Neatly dressed in decent clothes,
 Says her prayers (a constant rule),
 And hastens to the Sunday school.

O how good should we be found,
 Who live on England's happy ground!
 Where rich and poor and wretched may
 All learn to walk in wisdom's way.

— *Jane*

THE VILLAGE GREEN

On the cheerful village green,
 Skirted round with houses small,
 All the boys and girls are seen,
 Playing there with hoop and ball.

Now they frolic hand in hand,
 Making many a merry chain;

Then they form a warlike band,
Marching o'er the level plain.

Now ascends the worsted ball,
High it rises in the air,
Or against the cottage wall,
Up and down it bounces there.

Then the hoop, with even pace,
Runs before the merry throngs;
Joy is seen in every face,
Joy is heard in cheerful songs.

Rich array, and mansions proud,
Gilded toys, and costly fare,
Would not make the little crowd
Half so happy as they are.

Then, contented with my state,
Where true pleasure may be seen,
Let me envy not the great,
On a cheerful village green.

— *Jane*

THE GLEANER

Before the bright sun rises over the hill,
 In the corn-field poor Mary is seen,
 Impatient her little blue apron to fill,
 With the few scattered ears she can glean.

She never leaves off, nor runs out of her place,
 To play, or to idle and chat;
 Except now and then, just to wipe her hot face,
 And to fan herself with her broad hat.

“Poor girl, hard at work in the heat of the sun,
 How tired and hot you must be;
 Why don’t you leave off as the others have done,
 And sit with them under the tree?”

“O no, for my mother lies ill in her bed,
 Too feeble to spin or to knit;
 And my poor little brothers are crying for bread,
 And we hardly can give them a bit.

“Then could I be merry, or idle, and play,
 While they are so hungry and ill?
 O no, I would rather work hard all the day
 My little blue apron to fill.”

—*Jane*

FOR A NAUGHTY LITTLE GIRL

My sweet little girl should be cheerful and mild,
She must not be fretful and cry!
O why is this passion? remember, my child,
God sees you who lives in the sky.

That dear little face, that I like so to kiss,
How alter'd and sad it appears!
Do you think I can love you so naughty as this,
Or kiss you, all wetted with tears?

Remember, though God is in heaven, my love,
He sees you within and without,
And always looks down, from His glory above,
To notice what you are about.

If I am not with you, or if it be dark,
And nobody is in the way,
His eye is as able your doings to mark,
In the night as it is in the day.

Then dry up your tears and look smiling again,
And never do things that are wrong;
For I'm sure you must feel it a terrible pain,
To be naughty and crying so long.

We'll pray, then, that God may your passion
 forgive,
 And teach you from evil to fly;
 And then you'll be happy as long as you live,
 And happy whenever you die.

— *Ann*

THE INDUSTRIOUS BOY

In a cottage upon the heath wild,
 That always was cleanly and nice,
 Lived William, a good little child,
 Who minded his parents' advice.

'Tis true he loved marbles and kite,
 And peg-top, and nine-pins, and ball;
 But this I declare with delight,
 His book he loved better than all.

In active and useful employ,
 His young days were pleasantly spent;
 While innocent pleasure and joy
 A smile to his countenance lent.

Now see him to manhood arise,
Still cheerfulness follows his way;
For as he is prudent and wise,
He also is happy and gay.

For riches his wife never sighed,
Contented and happy was she;
While William would sit by her side,
With a sweet smiling babe on his knee.

His garden so fruitful and neat,
His cot by the side of the green,
Crept over by jessamine sweet,
Where peeped the low casement between.

These filled him with honest delight,
Though many might view them with scorn,
He went to bed cheerful at night,
And cheerfully woke in the morn.

But when he grew aged and grey,
And found that life shortly would cease,
He calmly awaited the day,
And closed his old eye-lids in peace.

Now this little tale was designed
 To be an example for me,
 That still I may happiness find,
 Whatever my station may be.

—*Jane*

THE IDLE BOY

Young Thomas was an idle lad,
 Who lounged about all day;
 And though he many a lesson had,
 He minded nought but play.

He only cared for top and ball,
 Or marble, hoop, and kite;
 But as for learning, that was all
 Neglected by him quite.

In vain his mother's watchful eye,
 In vain his master's care;
 He followed vice and vanity,
 And even learnt to swear.

And think you, when he grew a man,
 He prospered in his ways?

No: wicked courses never can
Bring good and happy days.

Without a shilling in his purse,
Or cot to call his own,
Poor Thomas grew from bad to worse,
And hardened as a stone.

And oh! it grieves me much to write
His melancholy end;
Then let us leave the mournful sight,
And thoughts of pity send.

But yet may this important truth
Our daily thoughts engage,
That few who spend an idle youth
Will see a happy age.

— *Jane*

DUTIFUL JEM

There was a poor widow, who lived in a cot,
She scarcely a blanket to warm her had got;
Her windows were broken, her walls were all
bare,
And the cold winter-wind often whistled in there.

Poor Susan was old, and too feeble to spin,
Her forehead was wrinkled, her hands they were
thin;

And bread she'd have wanted, as many have
done,

If she had not been blessed with a good little son.

But he loved her well, like a dutiful lad,
And thought her the very best friend that he
had:

And now to neglect or forsake her, he knew,
Was the most wicked thing he could possibly
do.

For he was quite healthy, and active, and stout,
While his poor mother hardly could hobble
about,

And he thought it his duty and greatest delight,
To work for her living from morning to night.

So he started each morning as gay as a lark,
And worked all day long in the fields till 'twas
dark:

Then came home again to his dear mother's cot,
And cheerfully gave her the wages he got.

And O how she loved him! how great was her
joy!

To think her dear Jem was a dutiful boy:

Her arm round his neck she would tenderly cast,
And kiss his red cheek, while the tears trickled
fast.

O then, was not this little Jem happier far
Than naughty, and idle, and foolish boys are?
For, as long as he lived, 'twas his comfort and
joy,

To think he'd not been an undutiful boy.

THE UNDUTIFUL BOY

Little Harry, come along,
And mamma will sing a song,
All about a naughty lad,
Tho' a mother kind he had.

He never minded what she said,
But only laughed at her instead;
And then did just the same, I've heard,
As if she had not said a word.

He would not learn to read his book,
But wisdom's pleasant way forsook;
In wicked boys he took delight,
And learnt to quarrel and to fight.

And when he saw his mother cry,
And heard her heave a bitter sigh,
To think she'd such a wicked son,
He never car'd for what he'd done!

I hope my little Harry will
Mind all I say, and love me still;
For 'tis his mother's greatest joy,
To think he's not a wicked boy.

THE LITTLE FISH THAT WOULD NOT DO AS IT WAS BID

"Dear mother," said a little fish,
"Pray is not that a fly?
I'm very hungry, and I wish
You'd let me go and try."

"Sweet innocent," the mother cried,
And started from her nook,

“That horrid fly is put to hide
The sharpness of the hook.”

Now, as I’ve heard, this little trout
Was young and foolish too,
And so he thought he’d venture out,
To see if it were true.

And round about the hook he played,
With many a longing look,
And — “Dear me,” to himself he said,
“I’m sure that’s not a hook.

“I can but give one little pluck:
Let’s see, and so I will.”
So on he went, and lo! it stuck
Quite through his little gill.

And as he faint and fainter grew,
With hollow voice he cried,
“Dear mother, had I minded you,
I need not now have died.”

THE TUMBLE

Tumble down, tumble up, never mind it, my
sweet;

No, no, never beat the poor floor:

'Twas your fault, that could not stand straight
on your feet,

Beat yourself, if you beat any more.

O dear! what a noise: will a noise make it
well?

Will crying wash bruises away?

Suppose that it should bleed a little and swell,

'Twill all be gone down in a day.

That's right, be a man, love, and dry up your
tears.

Come, smile, and I'll give you a kiss:

If you live in the world but a very few years,

You must bear greater troubles than this.

Ah! there's the last tear dropping down from
your cheek!

All the dimples are coming again!

And your round little face looks as ruddy and
meek

As a rose that's been washed in the rain.

THE CUT

Well, what's the matter? there's a face!

What! have you cut a vein?

And it is quite a shocking place!

Come, let us look again.

I see it bleeds, but never mind

That tiny little drop;

I don't believe you'll ever find

That crying makes it stop.

'Tis sad, indeed, to cry at pain,

For any but a baby;

If that should chance to cut a vein,

We should not wonder, may be.

But such a man as you should try

To bear a little sorrow:

So run about and wipe your eye,

'Twill all be well to-morrow.

THE LITTLE COWARD

Why, here's a foolish little man,
 Laugh at him, donkey, if you can;
 And cat, and dog, and cow, and calf,
 Come every one of you and laugh.

For only think, he runs away
 If honest donkey does but bray!
 And when the bull begins to bellow,
 He's like a crazy little fellow.

Poor Brindle cow can hardly pass
 Along the hedge, to nip the grass,
 Or wag her tail to lash the flies,
 But off he runs, and loudly cries!

And when old Tray comes jumping too,
 With bow, wow, wow, for how d'ye do,
 And means it all for civil play,
 'Tis sure to make him run away!

But all the while you're thinking, may be
 "Ah! well, but this must be a baby."
 O cat, and dog, and cow, and calf!
 I'm not surprised to see you laugh,
 He's five years old and almost half.

THE CHILD'S MONITOR

The wind blows down the largest tree,
And yet the wind I cannot see!
Playmates far off, who have been kind,
My thought can bring before my mind;
The past by it is present brought,
And yet I cannot see my thought.
The charming rose scents all the air,
Yet I can see no perfume there.
Blithe Robin's notes, how sweet, how clear!
From his small bill they reach my ear,
And whilst upon the air they float,
I hear, yet cannot see a note.
When I would do what is forbid,
By *something* in my heart I'm chid;
When good, I think, then quick and pat,
That *something* says, "My child, do that:"
When I too near the stream would go,
So pleased to see the waters flow,
That *something* says, without a sound,
"Take care, dear child, you may be
drowned:"
And for the poor whene'er I grieve,
That *something* says, "A penny give."

Thus *something* very near must be,
 Although invisible to me;
 Whate'er I do, it sees me still:
 O then, good Spirit, guide my will.

— *Adelaide O'Keeffe*

SECOND THOUGHTS ARE BEST

I hate being scolded, and having a rout,
 I've a good mind to stand in the corner and pout;
 And if mamma calls me, I will not come out.

Yes, yes, here I'll keep, I'm resolv'd on it quite,
 With my face to the wall, and my back to the
 light,
 And I'll not speak a word, if I stand here all
 night.

And yet mamma says, when I'm naughty and
 cry,
 She scolds me to make me grow good by and by,
 And that, all the time, she's as sorry as I.

And she says, when I'm naughty and will not
 obey,

If she were to let me go on in that way,
I should grow up exceedingly wicked one day.

O then, what a very sad girl I should be,
To be sulky because she was angry with me,
And grieve such a very kind mother as she!

Well, then, I'll go to her directly and say,
Forgive me this once, my dear mother, I pray;
For that will be better than sulking all day.

FALSE ALARMS

One day little Mary most loudly did call,
"Mamma! O mamma, pray come here!
A fall I have had, O a very sad fall!"

Mamma ran in haste and in fear.

Then Mary jumped up, and she laughed in great
glee,

And cried, "Why, how fast you can run!
No harm has befall'n, I assure you, to me,
My screaming was only in fun."

Her mother was busy at work the next day,
She heard from without a loud cry:

“The great Dog has got me! O help me!
O pray!

He tears me, he bites me, I die!”
Mamma, all in terror, quick to the court flew,
And there little Mary she found;
Who, laughing, said, “Madam, pray how do you
do?”

And curtseyed quite down to the ground.

That night little Mary was some time in bed,
When cries and loud shrieking were heard:
“I’m on fire, O mamma! O come up, or I’m
dead!”

Mamma she believed not a word.
“Sleep, sleep, naughty child,” she called out
from below,
“How often have I been deceived!
You are telling a story, you very well know:
Go to sleep, for you can’t be believed.”

Yet still the child screamed: now the house filled
with smoke!

The fire is above, Jane declares:
Alas! Mary’s words they soon found were no joke,
When ev’ry one hastened up-stairs.

All burnt and all seamed is her once pretty face,
And terribly marked are her arms,
Her features all scarred, leave a lasting disgrace,
For giving mamma false alarms.

— *Adelaide O'Keeffe*

BALL

“My good little fellow, don't throw your ball
there,
You'll break neighbor's windows, I know;
On the end of the house there is room, and to
spare,
Go round, you can have a delightful game there,
Without fearing for where you may throw.”

Harry thought he might safely continue his play
With a little more care than before;
So, heedless of all that his father could say,
As soon as he saw he was out of the way
Resolved to have fifty throws more.

Already as far as to forty he rose,
And no mischief had happened at all;
One more, and one more, he successfully throws,

But when, as he thought, just arrived at the close,
 In popped his unfortunate ball.
 "I'm sure that I thought, and I did not intend,"
 Poor Harry was going to say;
 But soon came the glazier the window to mend,
 And both the bright shillings he wanted to spend
 He had for his folly to pay.

When little folks think they know better than
 great,
 And what is forbidden them, do,
 We must always expect to see, sooner or late,
 That such wise little fools have a similar fate,
 And that one of the fifty goes through.

—*Ann*

THE SHEPHERD BOY

Upon a mountain's grassy steep,
 Where moss and heather grew,
 Young Colin wander'd with his sheep,
 And many a hardship knew.

No downy pillow for his head,
 No shelter'd home had he;

The green grass was his only bed,
Beneath some shady tree.

Dry bread and water from the spring
Composed his temperate fare:
Yet he a thankful heart could bring,
Nor felt a murmur there.

Contented with his low estate,
He often used to say —
He envied not the rich or great,
More happy far than they.

While 'neath some spreading oak he stood,
Beside his browsing flocks,
His soft pipe warbled through the wood,
And echoed from the rocks.

An ancient castle on the plain,
In silent grandeur stood,
Where dwelt Lord Henry, proud and vain,
But not like Colin, good.

And oft his lands he wandered through,
Or on the mountain's side;

And with surprise and envy too,
The humble Colin eyed.

“And why am I denied,” said he,
“That cheerfulness and joy,
Which ever and anon I see
In this poor shepherd boy?

“No wealth nor lands has he secure,
No titled honors high;
And yet, though destitute and poor,
He seems more blest than I.”

But this Lord Henry did not know,
That pleasure ne’er is found,
Where pride and passion overflow,
And evil deeds abound.

Colin, though poor, was glad and gay,
For he was good and kind;
While selfish passions every day
Disturbed Lord Henry’s mind.

Thus Colin had for his reward,
Contentment with his lot;
More happy than this noble lord,
Who sought but found it not.

— *Jane*

DIRTY JIM

There was one little Jim,
'Tis reported of him,
And must be to his lasting disgrace,
That he never was seen
With hands at all clean,
Nor yet ever clean was his face.

His friends were much hurt
To see so much dirt,
And often they made him quite clean;
But all was in vain,
He got dirty again,
And not at all fit to be seen.

It gave him no pain
To hear them complain,
Nor his own dirty clothes to survey:
His indolent mind
No pleasure could find
In tidy and wholesome array.

The idle and bad,
Like this little lad,

May love dirty ways, to be sure;
 But good boys are seen
 To be decent and clean,
 Although they are ever so poor.

— *Jane*

TIT FOR TAT

“Tit for tat” is a very bad word,
 As frequently people apply it;
 It means, as I’ve usually heard,
 They intend to revenge themselves by it:
 Yet places there are where ’tis proper and pat,
 And there I permit them to say “tit for tat.”

Old Dobbin, that toils with his load,
 Or gallops with master or man,
 Don’t lash him so fast on the road,
 You see, he does all that he can:
 How long has he served you? do recollect that,
 And treat him with kindness, tis but “tit for tat.”

Poor Brindle, that lashes her tail,
 And trudges home morning and night,
 Till Dolly appears with her pail,

To milk out the fluid so white:
Don't kick the poor creature, and beat her, and
that,
To be kind to poor Brindle is but "tit for tat."

Grey Donkey, the sturdy old ass,
That jogs with his panniers so wide,
And wants but a mouthful of grass,
Or perhaps a green thistle beside;
Be merciful, master, he can't carry that:
Poor donkey, they surely forget "tit for tat."

There's honest old Tray in the yard,
What courage and zeal has he shown!
'Twould be both ungrateful and hard,
Not to throw the poor fellow a bone.
He carries your basket, and fetches your hat;
I'm sure that to starve him is not "tit for tat."

Poor Puss, that runs mewling about,
Her white bosom sweeping the ground;
The mother abused and kicked out,
And her innocent little ones drowned:
Remember, she catches the mischievous rat:
Then be kind to poor Pussy, 'tis but "tit for tat."

Whatever shows kindness to us,
 With kindness we ought to repay!
 Brindle, Donkey, Tray, Dobbin, and Puss,
 And everything else in its way:
 In cases like these it is proper and pat
 To make use of the maxim, and say, "Tit for
 tat."

— *Ann*

MISCHIEF

Let those who're fond of idle tricks,
 Of throwing stones, and hurling bricks
 And all that sort of fun,
 Now hear a tale of idle Jim,
 That warning they may take by him,
 Nor do as he has done.

In harmless sport or healthful play
 He did not pass his time away,
 Nor took his pleasure in it;
 For mischief was his only joy:
 No book, or work, nor even toy,
 Could please him for a minute.

A neighbor's house he'd slyly pass,
And throw a stone to break the glass
And then enjoy the joke!
Or, if a window open stood,
He'd throw in stones, or bits of wood,
To frighten all the folk.

If travellers passing chanced to stay,
Of idle Jim to ask the way,
He never told them right;
And then, quite hardened in his sin,
Rejoiced to see them taken in,
And laughed with all his might.

He'd tie a string across the street,
Just to entangle people's feet,
And make them tumble down:
Indeed, he was disliked so much,
That no good boy would play with such
A nuisance to the town.

At last the neighbors in despair,
This mischief would no longer bear:
And so — to end the tale,

This lad, to cure him of his ways,
Was sent to spend some dismal days
Within the county jail.

— *Jane*

THE LITTLE CRIPPLE'S COMPLAINT

I'm a helpless cripple child,
Gentle Christians, pity me;
Once, in rosy health I smiled,
Blithe and gay as you can be,
And upon the village green,
First in every sport was seen.

Now, alas! I'm weak and low,
Cannot either work or play;
Tottering on my crutches, slow,
Thus I drag my weary way:
Now no longer dance and sing,
Gaily, in the merry ring.

Many sleepless nights I live,
Turning on my weary bed;
Softest pillows cannot give

Slumber to my aching head;
Constant anguish makes it fly
From my heavy, wakeful eye.

And, when morning beams return,
Still no comfort beams for me:
Still my limbs with fever burn,
Painful still my crippled knee.
And another tedious day
Passes slow and sad away.

From my chamber-window high,
Lifted to my easy chair,
I the village green can spy,
Once *I* used to frolic there,
March, or beat my new-bought drum;
Happy times! no more to come.

There I see my fellows gay,
Sporting on the daisied turf,
And, amidst their cheerful play,
Stopped by many a merry laugh;
But the sight I scarce can bear,
Leaning in my easy chair.

Let not then the scoffing eye
 Laugh, my twisted leg to see:
 Gentle Christians, passing by,
 Stop awhile, and pity me,
 And for you I'll breathe a prayer,
 Leaning in my easy chair.

— *Ann*

THE OLD BEGGAR MAN

I see an old man sitting there,
 His withered limbs are almost bare,
 And very hoary is his hair.

Old man, why are you sitting so?
 For very cold the wind doth blow:
 Why don't you to your cottage go?

Ah, master, in the world so wide,
 I have no home wherein to hide,
 No comfortable fire-side.

When I, like you, was young and gay,
 I'll tell you what I used to say,—
 That I would nothing do but play.

And so, instead of being taught
Some useful business as I ought,
To play about was all I sought.

And now that I am old and grey,
I wander on my lonely way,
And beg my bread from day to day.

But oft I shake my hoary head,
And many a bitter tear I shed,
To think the useless life I've led.

THE LITTLE BEGGAR GIRL

There's a poor beggar going by,
I see her looking in;
She's just about as big as I,
Only so very thin.

She has no shoes upon her feet,
She is so very poor;
And hardly anything to eat:
I pity her, I'm sure.

But I have got nice clothes, you know,
And meat, and bread, and fire;
And dear mamma, that loves me so,
And all that I desire.

If I were forced to stroll so far,
O dear, what should I do!
I wish she had a kind mamma,
Just such a one as you.

Here, little girl, come back again,
And hold that ragged hat,
And I will put a penny in;
There, buy some bread with that.

POOR CHILDREN

When I go in the meadows, or walk in the street,
How many poor children I frequently meet,
Without shoes or stockings to cover their feet.

Their clothes are all ragged and let in the cold;
And they have so little to eat I am told,
That indeed 'tis a pitiful sight to behold!

And then I have seen, very often, that they
Are cross and unkind to each other at play;
But they've not been taught better, I've heard
mamma say.

But I have kind parents to watch over me,
To teach me how gentle and good I should be,
And to mourn for the poor little children I see.

IDLE MARY

O Mary, this will never do!
This work is sadly done, my dear,
And then so little of it too!
You have not taken pains, I fear.

O no, your work has been forgotten,
Indeed you've hardly thought of that;
I saw you roll your ball of cotton
About the floor to please the cat.

See, here are stitches straggling wide,
And others reaching down so far;
I'm very sure you have not tried
In this, at least, to please mamma.

The little girl who will not sew
 Should neither be allowed to play;
 But then I hope, my love, that you
 Will take more pains another day.

THE HOLIDAYS

“Ah! don’t you remember, ’tis almost December,
 And soon will the holidays come;
 O ’twill be so funny, I’ve plenty of money,
 I’ll buy me a sword and a drum.”

Thus said little Harry, unwilling to tarry,
 Impatient from school to depart;
 But we shall discover, this holiday lover
 Knew little what was in his heart.

For when on returning he gave up his learning,
 Away from his sums and his books,
 Though playthings surrounded, and sweetmeats
 abounded,
 Chagrin still appeared in his looks.

Though first they delighted, his toys were now
slighted,
And thrown away out of his sight;
He spent every morning in stretching and yawn-
ing,
Yet went to bed weary at night.

He had not that treasure which really makes
pleasure,
(A secret discovered by few,)
You'll take it for granted, more playthings he
wanted;
O no,—it was something to do.

We must have employment to give us enjoyment
And pass the time cheerful away;
And study and reading give pleasure, exceeding
The pleasures of toys and of play.

To school now returning — to study and learning
With eagerness Harry applied;
He felt no aversion to books — or exertion,
Nor yet for the holidays sighed.

— *Jane*

THE HAND-POST

The night was dark, the sun was hid
 Beneath the mountain grey;
 And not a single star appeared
 To shoot a silver ray.

Across the heath the owlet flew,
 And screamed along the blast,
 And onward, with a quickened step,
 Benighted Henry passed.

At intervals, amid the gloom,
 A flash of lightning played,
 And showed the ruts with water filled,
 And the black hedge's shade.

Again in thickest darkness plunged,
 He groped his way to find;
 And now he thought he spied beyond,
 A form of horrid kind.

In deadly white it upward rose,
 Of cloak or mantle bare,
 And held its naked arms across,
 To catch him by the hair.

Poor Henry felt his blood run cold,
At what before him stood;
Yet like a man did he resolve
To do the best he could.

So calling all his courage up,
He to the goblin went:
And eager, through the dismal gloom,
His piercing eyes he bent.

But when he came well nigh the ghost
That gave him such affright,
He clapped his hands upon his sides,
And loudly laughed outright.

For there a friendly post he found,
The stranger's road to mark;
A pleasant sprite was this to see
For Henry in the dark.

"Well done!" said he, "one lesson wise,
I've learned, beyond a doubt,—
Whatever frightens me again,
I'll try to find it out.

“And when I hear an idle tale
Of goblins and a ghost,
I’ll tell of this, my lonely walk,
And the tall white Hand-post.”

— *Ann*

WHAT CAME OF FIRING A GUN

Ah! there it falls, and now it’s dead,
The shot went through its pretty head,
And broke its shining wing!
How dull and dim its closing eyes!
How cold and stiff and still it lies!
Poor harmless little thing!

It was a lark, and in the sky,
In mornings fine, it mounted high,
To sing a merry song:
Cutting the fresh and healthy air,
It whistled out its music there,
As light it skimmed along.

How little thought its pretty breast,
This morning, when it left its nest
Hid in the springing corn,

To find some breakfast for its young,
And pipe away its morning song —
It never should return.

Those pretty wings shall never more
Its callow nestlings cover o'er,
Or bring them dainties rare:
But long their gaping wings will cry,
And then they will with hunger die,
All in the bitter air.

Poor little bird! if people knew
The sorrows little birds go through,
I think that even boys
Would never call it sport or fun,
To stand and fire a frightful gun,
For nothing but the noise.

PLAYING WITH FIRE

“I’ve seen a little girl, mamma!
That had got such a dreadful scar!
All down her arms, and neck, and face,
I could not bear to see the place.”

“Poor little girl, and don’t you know
The shocking trick that made her so?
’Twas all because she went and did
A thing her mother had forbid.

“For once, when nobody was by her,
This silly child would play with fire;
And long before her mother came,
Her pinafore was all in flame.

“In vain she tried to put it out,
Till all her clothes were burnt about:
And then she suffered ten times more,
All over with a dreadful sore:

“For many months before ’twas cured,
Most shocking tortures she endured;
And even now, in passing by her,
You see what ’tis to play with fire!”

THE LITTLE GIRL

WHO WAS NAUGHTY, AND WHO WAS AFTER-
WARDS VERY SORRY FOR IT

Here's morning again, and a good fireside,
And such nice bread and milk, in a basin
quite full;
How kindly you always my breakfast provide;
But something's the matter, mamma, you're
so dull!

You don't smile to meet me, nor call me your
dear;
Nor place your arms round me so kind on
your knee;
I must have done something that's naughty, I
fear,
For I'm sure you are grieved:— are you angry
with me?

O now I remember! last night how I cried,
And you said that you could not then give me
a kiss;
I know that I might have been good if I'd tried:
But indeed I am grieved I behaved so amiss.

To be so ill-temper'd and naughty and rude
 To you, was unkind, and exceedingly wrong,
 I'm ashamed when I think of how ill I've be-
 haved;—
 You ought not to kiss me for ever so long.

Yet indeed I do love you, and really will try
 To remember, before I again act amiss,
 That you, and that God who's above in the sky,
 Cannot love little girls who're as naughty as
 this!

THE LITTLE BOY

WHO MADE HIMSELF ILL

“Ah! why is my sweet little fellow so pale?
 And why do these briny tears fall?
 Come to me, love, and tell me what is it you
 ail,
 And we'll soon try to cure him of all.

“There, lay your white cheek down on own
 mother's lap,
 With your pinafore over your head,

And perhaps we shall see, when you've taken a
nap,
That this pale little cheek may be red."

"O no, dear mamma! don't be kind to me yet,
I do not deserve to be kissed;
Last evening some gooseberries and currants I
ate,
For I thought that they would not be missed.

"And so, when in the garden you left me alone,
I took them, although they were green,
But I thought, dear mamma, 'twould be better
to own
What a sad naughty boy I have been."

"Indeed, my dear child, I am sorry to hear
This very wrong thing you have done,
'Twas not only eating the fruit when unripe,
But taking what was not your own;

"And now you must patiently bear with the pain,
That does your own folly repay,
And I hope you will not be so naughty again,
After all you have suffered to-day!"

NEGLIGENT MARY

Ah, Mary! what, do you for dolly not care?
 And why is she left on the floor?
 Forsaken, and covered with dust, I declare;
 With you I must trust her no more.

I thought you were pleased, as you took her so
 gladly,
 When on your birthday she was sent;
 Did I ever suppose you would use her so sadly?
 Was that, do you think, what I meant?

With her bonnet of straw you once were de-
 lighted,
 And trimmed it so pretty with pink;
 But now it is crumpled, and dolly is slighted:
 Her nurse quite forgets her, I think.

Suppose now — for Mary is *dolly* to me,
 Whom I love to see tidy and fair —
 Suppose I should leave you, as dolly I see,
 In tatters and comfortless there.

But dolly feels nothing, as you do, my dear,
 Nor cares for her negligent nurse:

If I were as careless as you are, I fear,
Your lot, and my fault, would be worse.

And therefore it is, in my Mary, I strive
To check every fault that I see:
Mary's doll is but waxen — mamma's is alive,
And of far more importance than she.
— T.

ABOUT THE LITTLE GIRL THAT BEAT HER SISTER

Go, go, my naughty girl, and kiss
Your little sister dear;
I must not have such scenes as this,
And noisy quarrels here.

What! little children scratch and fight
That ought to be so mild;
O Mary, it's a shocking sight
To see an angry child.

I can't imagine, for my part,
The reason of your folly,
She did not do you any harm
By playing with your dolly.

See, see, the little tears that run
 Fast from her watery eye:
 Come, my sweet innocent, have done,
 'Twill do no good to cry.

Go, Mary, wipe her tears away,
 And make it up with kisses:
 And never turn a pretty play
 To such a pet as this is.

THE PIN

"Dear me! what signifies a pin!
 I'll leave it on the floor;
 My pincushion has others in,
 Mamma has plenty more:
 A miser I will never be,"
 Said little heedless Emily.

So tripping on to giddy play,
 She left the pin behind,
 For Betty's broom to whisk away,
 Or some one else to find;

She never gave a thought, indeed,
To what she might to-morrow need.

Next day a party was to ride,
To see an air-balloon!
And all the company beside
Were dressed and ready soon:
But she, poor girl, she could not stir,
For just a pin to finish her.

'Twas vainly now, with eye and hand,
She did to search begin;
There was not one — not one, the band
Of her pelisse to pin!
She cut her pincushion in two,
But not a pin had slidden through!

At last, as hunting on the floor,
Over a crack she lay,
The carriage rattled to the door,
Then rattled fast away.
Poor Emily! she was not in,
For want of just — a single pin!

There's hardly anything so small,
So trifling or so mean,

That we may never want at all,
 For service unforeseen:
 And those who venture wilful waste,
 May woeful want expect to taste.

— *Ann*

TO A LITTLE GIRL THAT HAS TOLD A LIE

And has my darling told a lie?
 Did she forget that God was by?
 That God, who saw the thing she did,
 From whom no action can be hid;
 Did she forget that God could see
 And hear, wherever she might be?

He made your eyes, and can discern
 Whichever way you think to turn;
 He made your ears, and He can hear
 When you think nobody is near;
 In every place, by night or day,
 He watches all you do and say.

O how I wish you would try
 To act, as shall not need a lie;

And when you wish a thing to do,
That has been once forbidden you,
Remember that, nor ever dare
To disobey — for God is there.

Why should you fear the truth to tell?
Does falsehood ever do so well?
Can you be satisfied to know,
There's something wrong to hide below?
No! let your fault be what it may,
To own it is the happy way.

So long as you your crime conceal,
You cannot light and gladsome feel:
Your little heart will seem opprest,
As if a weight were on your breast;
And e'en your mother's eye to meet,
Will tinge your face with shame and heat.

C M - 8 6
Yes, God has made your duty clear,
By every blush, by every fear;
And conscience, like an angel kind,
Keeps watch to bring it to your mind:
Its friendly warnings ever heed,
And neither tell a lie — nor need.

—Ann



DOBBS BROS.
LIBRARY BINDING

FEB 1977

ST. AUGUSTINE

FLA.

32084



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



00020932594